

# ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE

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## CARIBBEAN CRUISING.

BY WILLIAM F. HUTCHINSON, A. M., M. D.

TOUCHING HERE AND THERE IN THE WINDWARD ISLANDS.

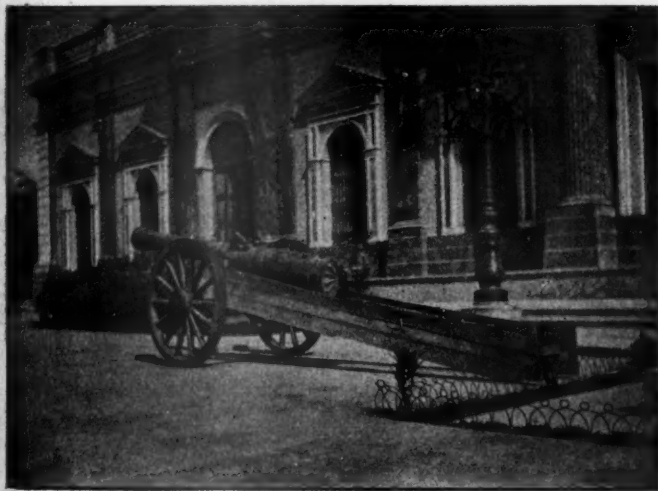
ST. KITT'S—THREE HOURS IN BASSE TERRE—MONTSERRAT AND ITS LIME JUICE FACTORIES—A DAY AT ANTIGUA—A STROLL ABOUT TOWN AND A DRIVE INTO THE COUNTRY—AT HOME IN MARTINIQUE.



WE arrived at St. Christopher's, or St. Kitt's, about nine o'clock Wednesday morning, having previously passed Little Saba and Eustatius Islands. It was delightful, after a week at sea, with the usual monotony of a long voyage, intensified by the lack of the usual life on board a mail steamer, due to her small number of passengers, to see these emerald islets spring out

tainous coast. Over Little Saba, sometimes known as "Napoleon's Cocked Hat," from its curious resemblance to that useful article, hung thick, white fleecy clouds, which presently grew darker and spat upon us sharp showers of driving rain, which were gone as soon as come, leaving the hot sun shining out clear again. We left the island thick veiled in this misty covering, and ran close past her neighbor, Eustatius, who

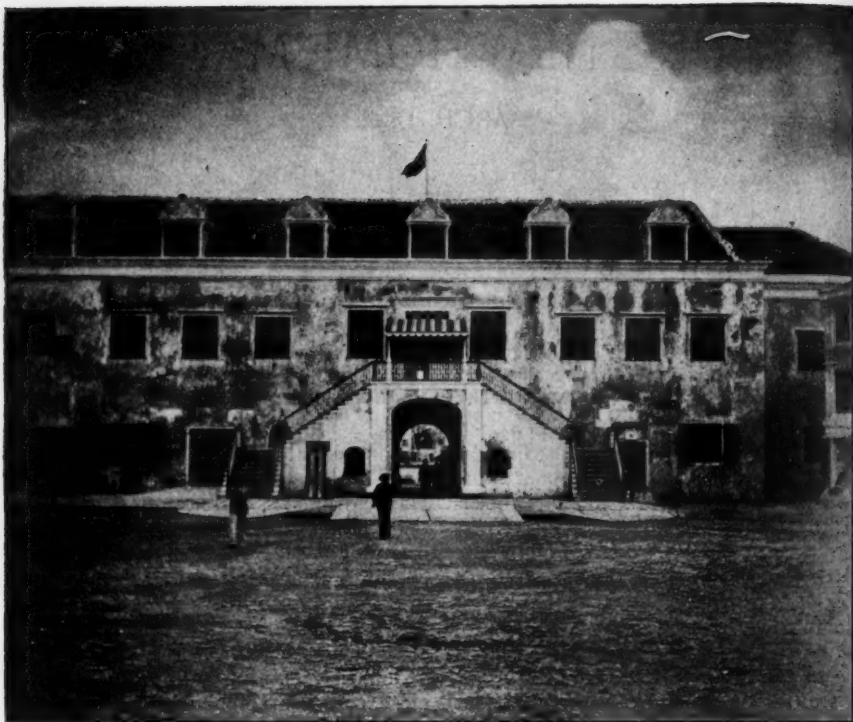
soon greeted us with a similar salute. I crib from a rare and curious little book a few facts about these places, which may add something to the value of these letters. Little Saba belongs to the Dutch Government, and has a colony of some two thousand inhabitants, mixed, white and negro, who live like sea birds in a sort of eyrie half-way up the volcanic peak, which shoots up fifteen hundred



THE CAPITAL—CARACAS.

from the blue sea, and study as we passed the play of light and shadow in the deep ravines and bold cliffs of their moun-

tainous coast. There they spend their peaceful lives, occasionally, when the spirit of adventure becomes very



GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE—CARACAS.

strong, lowering a boat down the side of the mountain and making a short fishing voyage. But they do not often venture to descend, contenting their simple hearts with so much of the outer world as is afforded by a weekly steamship sailing by. Truly an uneventful and prehistoric existence. But they have now and then a slight diversion. Their mountain home grows restive and explodes, the last eruption occurring in 1869, was severe enough to shake up the people at St. Thomas, fifty miles away, in an energetic and stirring manner.

St. Eustatius has partaken of the rapid changes that of old seemed to be the correct thing on the Spanish main, having changed hands four times before it was permitted to repose quietly in Holland's hands. It appeared to us to be quite destitute of inhabitants, and there was no human sign visible upon its rugged cliff-like sides, as we ran along past

within a mile. But after Saba, it is possible that people will live anywhere, even if a balloon is necessary for successful travel. But soon these were forgotten, in the beauty and singular form of St. Kitt's, which we were fast approaching. Here were mountain peaks, it is true, and as rugged as eye could wish. Here Mount Misery towered up into the gray clouds more than four thousand feet, and we could see the crater level, where sulphurous fumes still smoke, hot from the Erebus below. But to our eyes, so long used to tossing blue waves and snowy foam crests, there was nothing so attractive as the beautiful fields of sugar cane, of many shades of softest green, stretching from the mountain sides, whose very rocks they indeed seemed to invade, down to the water in rolling, swaying loveliness. Shadows of quick passing rain clouds marked them here and there, and the white buildings and tall chim-

neys of sugar estates spoke cheerful encouragement to the coming tourist. Along the sloping hillside, excellent roads were built, and we saw well-constructed stone bridges crossing defiles on the route. With our glasses, confused masses of dark green resolved themselves into groups of palms, the famous palmistes of the early French voyagers, in whose clump of crowning fronds there grows a delicious vegetable. Rows of ceiba trees, those matchless, thick-leaved shades of the tropics, climbed the mountains with the roads until lost in distant perspective, and on these roads we saw occasional horsemen and four mule carts slowly driven along. Houses were many, each surrounded by a group of banana trees, and their inhabitants stood in groups about, pointing out the steamer

buildings and church spires of the chief city, Basse Terre, came into view. We anchored a mile from shore, but anxious to dispose of our short stop, only three hours, to the best advantage, soon chartered a boat and pulled to the dock.

The sun shone down hot, but, guided by our boatman, we made a straight course for the post office, and then strolled around the town. There is little or nothing, especially, separating Basse Terre from other tropical ports, unless it be the preponderance of wooden houses and the general absence of wheeled vehicles. It has a pretty little square, well kept, where Marechal and Jacqueminot roses were blooming by thousands under the ceibas and palmistes, as if there were no such month as February in the calendar, no such thing as snow



ANCIENT FORTRESS CHURCH—CURACAO.

as she sailed by. Point followed point, and the procession of rich cane fields seemed unending, until at last, we saw ahead a hill near the sea, with signals flying of our approach, and the thicker

and frost anywhere. There is absolutely nothing for the hungry tourist to buy—no shells nor curios of any sort whatever, only a fair variety of tolerable fruit. But to our sea-weary passengers it was the

loveliest spot on earth, and their ecstasies over lovely flowers and strange trees recalled some remembrances of far away experiences of my own. We invaded the one wretched shanty they call a hotel here, paid half a dollar for a quart of lemonade, real value five cents; visited the church of St. George, which has a curious old corbel in the wall, bearing date 1610, brought from some earlier building, and called upon the American representative, Mr. Delisle, who received

of which he makes his drunken appearance at meal times and blackguards the boarders. That they had chewed tough chicken and nothing else for twenty-one meals a week, and that the moment one relaxed his efforts in the eating way, his plate was confiscated by the ogre in the den, who could be heard victoriously munching the food stolen from his boarders. They seem to need a new hotel at St. Kitt's.

And now with a few words from Mr.

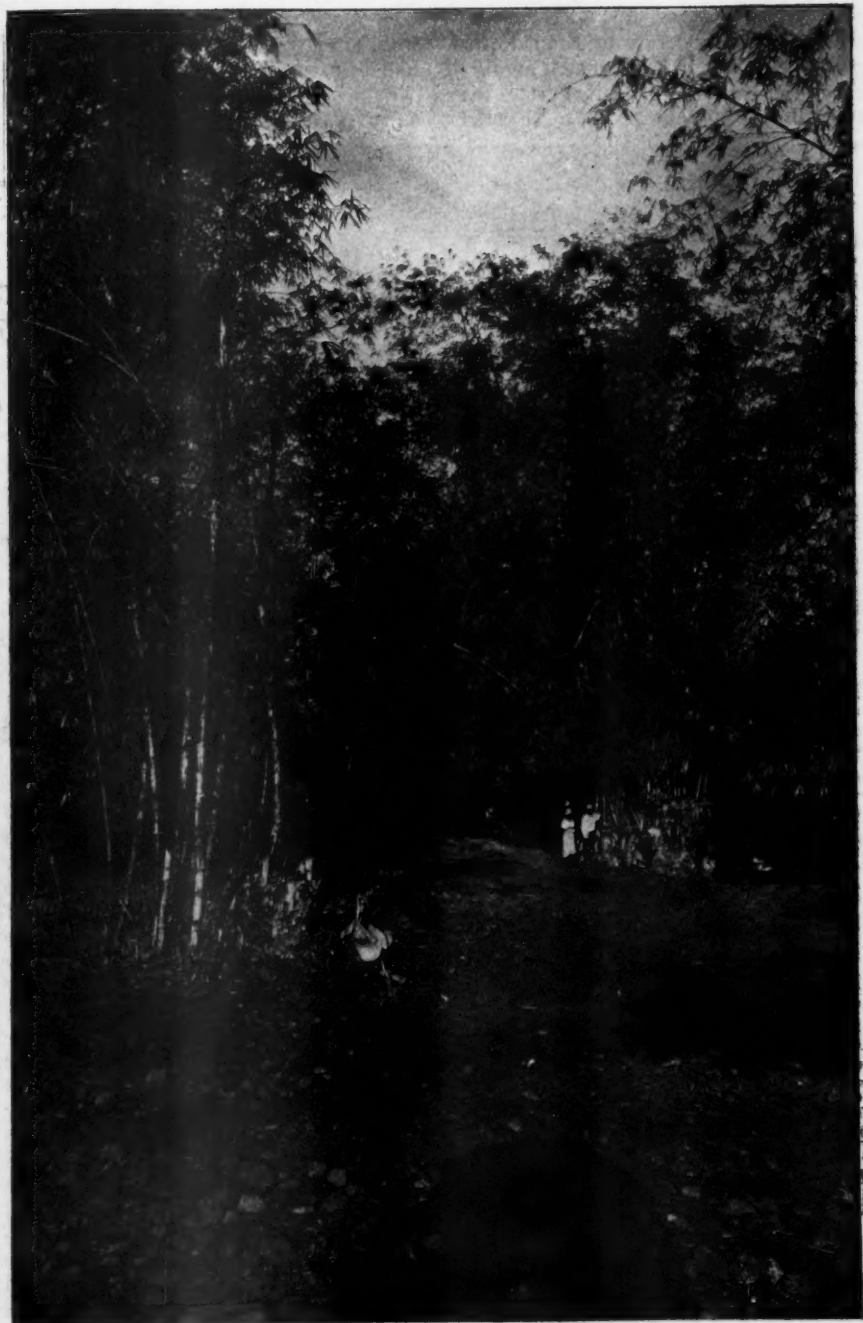


FRENCH CATHEDRAL—TRINIDAD.

us cordially and courteously. And that is all our time permitted—perhaps it was better so—for a longer stay, with the vile accommodations furnished by that hotel, would probably have wrought the same disgust in our souls as it did in a gentleman passenger who was once confined there for a week. Whereas our memories of St. Kitt's are among the beautiful. He says that the proprietor is a stout, old party, who has a den opening off the dining-room, in the door

Silver, we will leave the first of our ports of call. The island is twenty-three miles long by five wide, and was, together with all the Caribbees, discovered by Columbus in 1493. It has the honor of being the mother colony of the British West Indies, having been settled by Sir Thomas Warner in 1623. There are salt and sulphur and sugar, besides rum, arrow root and fruits to export, and there are thousands of little monkeys at Monkey Hill in the south. It is gov-





GIANT BAMBOO—MARAVAL, PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD.

erned by an officer from England, together with a legislative council and civil establishment, who together rule over some thirty thousand people. Excellent

with a high sea wall, a white building like a fortress, and many glittering lights dancing in the dark. Montserrat—the name is very familiar some way—and



WHERE CHARLES KINGSLEY WROTE "AT LAST."

water comes from five miles away, and there is a hospital and poor-house. The average rainfall is fifty-six inches, and if it rained every day, as it did the one we were there, it might be one hundred and fifty-six. For in the three hours of our stay I counted seven distinct showers, besides small spurts not worth mentioning. And so, vale St. Kitt's. My memory of Montserrat is but a dim, cloudy and nocturnal one. For as we sailed along its beautiful shores, whose golden green cane fields stretched quite down to the curling, rippling water, night was falling with the peculiar quickness of the tropics, and when we anchored off Plymouth; its capital, there was so very little visible that I refrain from an attempt to describe. Only a green mountain or two, towering up into the clear stars, and into a ravine that widened as it came down, a confused mass of palms and dark houses,

very soon I remembered it upon the labels of certain long-necked bottles containing a fine article of lime juice. And this is where it is made, and those long rows of shining green trees that I took in the falling light for oranges are doubtless limes. Sitting on deck a little later, an offer of a cigar made speedy friends with a bright young Englishman, a Mr. Johnson, who gave me many valuable bits of information concerning the island that was so near, and yet, alas! so far away. The sugar culture gradually declining, and a taste for the various cooling and refreshing beverages compounded of lime juice being developed in Europe, an enterprising English firm, headed by the Messrs. Sturge, of Birmingham, came out here, purchased the necessary land and at once commenced the cultivation of the tree. Now it is the Montserrat Company, with immense capital, great estates, machinery of all

kinds, and a trade in every civilized land. Since in America our lime juice has a double voyage to make, double tariffs to pay, since there are vast tracts of land on many of these healthful islands where the food will almost grow for the asking, as cheap as even a land leaguer could wish, it seems curious that some enterprising American firm does not start the manufacture. But our people have too much to do at home, I suppose, to look abroad for new industries.

Mr. Johnson tells me that the sugar business has been seriously injured as a necessary result.

Sugar estates go a begging and he cited the case of one of about one thousand acres that had recently been sold for £1050, or a little over \$5000, including the entire plant of buildings, machinery and draught animals. Rather poor encouragement for that branch. Enough of statistics, which we can do without for awhile, perhaps forever for most of us. Just there is a sweet land, its many perfumed odors coming to us upon the spicy breezes. Its great, black mountains half shrouded in mist and looming up in the shadows as if they were almost overhead. The shouts of the negroes who are unloading from lighters the cargoes that they have taken from the ship, and their songs come across the water with a weird musical effect, and closer there is but the lap, lap, lap of the water on the ship's side, or now and then a clank of rudder chain. The moon tries in vain to pierce these dense rain clouds, and yet overhead it is clear blue, with shining stars. Salt sea breath comes with the cool trade winds that blow all day and night with unremitting strength, and there is no thought of care left, only the delicious sense of returning strength and perfect ease that a tropical night brings. I looked at the thermometer as I passed it going to bed, and it marked sixty-eight degrees, actually too cool with the strong breeze.

Next came Antigua, where we had a whole day. Only think, twelve hours to run over an island that contains two hundred and eighty square miles, and do

it. It is like writing of New York after going through the city on an L. road. And yet, among the many islands of these lovely groups there are not many better worthy of a longer visit than this, and when the steamship lines will run a ship for passenger accommodation, instead of dodging in and out like a thief in the night, or stopping a few hours at a place that needs two or three days, there will be much more comfort in this delightful voyage. But, with a small squadron of boats around the ship, a long wharf in the near distance and the pretty town of St. John's spreading out at the foot of the mountains in the far distance, there was no thought of that, no care of anything but to get ashore. We lay away out at sea—the bar preventing nearer approach—beside us a handsome French sloop-of-war and an English steamer, and close at hand Goat Hill, with its circular fortress and tower for signaling. Presently the harbor master, Mr. Ellery, steamed up his convenient launch, and we soon tumbled in and went off for the shore. Through a crowd of lazy, good-natured darkies, who never do anything except help their friends loaf, we walked up a broad street to the public library, where a few words from our courteous Ellery soon placed the institution at our service.

Here there was an airy, pleasant room, several thousand well-used volumes, maps of the islands on a large scale, which we studied carefully, and a collection of natural curiosities, which, however, were practically useless from lack of labels. After a sufficient amount of preliminary talk to have passed a bill in Congress, we succeeded in wrenching the ladies away from the bead-work merchants, and started off upon a drive, going first to the cathedral, whose well-kept garden and ill-kept church-yard did not agree with the neat within. There was the usual appearance of a tropical church—pine seats, pine ceiling and no windows—little furniture and a big square pew which his excellency the governor, who, being a Catholic, does not use it; a fine organ, and that is all. All, except the beautiful view from its upper openings,

which made a deep impression upon all. Stretching downward to the sea in many a dark green vale and ravine, with lofty peaks crowning the harbor entrance and waving palms drawn sharp against the clear sky, the water coloring was a marvelous study, while closer in, where the coral banks lay beneath, shading off to light, then emerald green where the bay lay deeper, then to a deep, dark, luminous blue, where the ships lay quiet over the transparent blackness of the outer sea, it was so exquisite that the difficulty lay in getting away. Such views as this gain in effect here beyond any place that I know; for they are nearly always framed in a setting of mountains that give them such double advantage of sharp outline and shadow drawing as can scarcely be equalled elsewhere. The town itself is dull and stupid, and we struck out into the country, the excellent road leading five or six miles out through sugar cane in every stage of growth, to a plantation named Belvedere. Here the party went in to inspect the works, while I got a sketch of the buildings and watched the birds about. There were blue herons, several varieties of the thrush family, and dozens of others, mostly small, none of which I knew. Not one of them sang a note. These birds are charming in dress, but a voice was denied them. One cannot have everything in this world.

A little farther inland, we were told of a wonderful valley, where were many specimens of petrified wood and fossils, but our time was too short, and we were content to purchase some of them instead of making a visit. Indeed, there are in several of the islands streams of water so loaded with silica as to possess the property of turning wood to stone, but they are always inland—where one cannot get. And every book that I have seen puts them close at hand. The pamphlet issued by the Quebec

Steamship Company, say, for instance, that "this valley is a mile or two from town."

Now, no man, not even the American Consul, whose valuable collection of minerals and fossils bespeak the enthusiastic naturalist, could tell us anything about any such valley, except that it was some place in the interior, where no one could easily go. But I am going back to Antigua, and if that valley is there, I mean to find it, for certain sure. Then, as to hotels, the same veracious pamphlet says "there are no good hotels." There is no Fifth Avenue, nor Naragansett, it is true; but there are Mrs. Halliday's and the Globe, either of which are quite as good as an American town of equal size could boast, and we got a plentiful, clean and toothsome breakfast at the latter for sixty cents apiece. The hotels are quite good enough.

Dominica is the next upon my list; but of it I can say but very little indeed. With the carelessness of travelers wants, the steamer arrived there at four in the morning and was off by eight, giving no time for a visit of any kind, so we could but look, wonder and regret. Like Antigua, however, I am going back there sometime, and so will bring this article to a close at Martinique, where I am to stay for a time. It is Sunday, February 13, at seven in the morning. Below my window, I am housed in an annex of the Micas Hotel, belonging to a quadroon woman named Mme. Julia, the cries of fruit and chocolate and cocoa vendors makes strange noise; monkeys chatter and dance in a room next to me, the cathedral bells are ringing sweet Angelus, and through and below all the sounds is the rippling of swift water that comes rushing down from the mountains on either side of every street, cooling and cleansing the already pure air. Clear sun begins to heat up the air, and I must stop for this time.



## THE BETTER WAY.

BY ABBIE C. M'KEEVER.

LOUISE!"

"Yes, auntie."

"Where is Bob Hunter?"

"He has gone home."

"So early! Why did he go?"

"He had letters to write, he said."

The old woman glanced at the girl, anxiously; her eyes were dim, but she fancied that Louise looked as if she had been crying.

"My dear," she said softly, "Bob is only a man—and—and you wouldn't let any sense of duty stand between you?"

The girl flushed deeply, and turned her lovely face toward her questioner.

"No, auntie, don't worry, it isn't a question of duty."

"I thought perhaps,—Bob is so close, he would object to me, and I wouldn't, not for the world, keep you apart. The poor-house has no terrors for me—not if it makes you happy."

"You have a queer notion of what would make me happy. No, you are all I have left, and we'll 'bide a wee together.'"

And the girl pressed her soft cheek against the one so old and wrinkled.

"It's hard," murmured the old aunt. "First there was the old father and mother you nursed so long, and now there's me—and he's a likely lad as ever was. He'll be rich, some day."

"Yes," said the girl, quietly. "I know it. He's made of the stuff that produces rich men. Let us forget him, for he is not of our world."

"But I hoped," persists the old woman, sadly, "that he might lift you, at least, up to his world. You work so hard, you are only a girl. Your life ought to have been so different."

"His world is not above mine," exclaimed Louise, earnestly, "it is far below. I do not care to step down. Never mention this again, auntie, please."

But when the winter of snow and rain set in, and Louise had to plod back and

forth a mile through the storm to the little millinery store, where she was hired at seventy-five cents a day, the old woman more than once brought up the name of her old-time lover.

"He's gone to the city," she said one day, "getting a salary that would make us rich, one year of it."

Louise pale and weary answered nothing, but the old woman continued plaintively:

"Now if it had'n't been for me, you'd a been a living like a queen. Seems like instead of helping you, as I want to, I only take all your hopes away. Dear, dear, how long I do live?"

"Hush!" said the girl sternly, "how unkind you are! You are all I have in the world. You are all I have ever had since—since they went away."

"You're twenty-five," said the old woman, softly, "you're the prettiest girl for miles around. I always thought—"

"I'd marry. Well I wont," answered Louise, brightly, "for I'm determined to be an old maid."

Bob Hunter had been in the city twenty years. He was no longer known as Bob, but as Mr. Robert Hunter, the millionaire.

He had friends, such as they were, astute business financiers like himself; servants who ran at his bidding, but not one person in the whole wide world that loved him.

Even the little errand boys knew him for what he was. Hard, cold and uncharitable. They were paid their stipulated price, never a cent more. This world and this life was only a place to live long in, in order to grow richer and richer.

He seldom recalled his old country home, there were no ties there to hold him. Only, sometimes there came a fleeting memory of a fair, young face—the one face in the world he had truly loved.



"She was a little fool," he would mutter, "she'd been a martyr long enough. I didn't propose to saddle myself with that old aunt. Well, she chose her way, I hope she's enjoyed it.

Accident brought back his old home vividly at last. There was a railroad running through that part of the country that he desired to buy.

"I'll run out there a few days," he said, "it will be prudent to do so, and I wonder how the old place looks by this time, anyway. Nobody will recognize me I dare say."

But they did; the newspapers had heralded his name and the old neighbors who remembered him as a boy, wanted to see the great man he had become.

A number of old friends, as they were pleased to call themselves, undertook to show him around and to point out the improvements that twenty years had brought about.

There was a new court-house, a new jail, and lastly a fine large building lately erected for the county poor.

Bob did not care a copper cent to be shown any of these affairs, but he had his own reasons for being civil, hence he permitted himself to be dragged hither and thither and at last actually found himself inside the handsome new poor-house.

"The matron will show us through," said the obsequious friend. "Who knows but you may run across some of your old acquaintances," he added with a light laugh.

In one of the large halls they passed a woman bending over a little child who was sobbing bitterly. The woman sat in a low, armed chair, and her face was hidden, but the mass of brown hair rolled in a knot at the nape of her neck was heavily streaked with gray.

"Get out of the road, Jimmy," said the matron. "You are always getting hurt," then turning to the woman she said:

"Have you finished the shirts?"

The woman raised her head and replied softly that she had. The sunlight streaming in through the window brought her head and face and slight form into bold relief.

He saw her plainly, her voice had betrayed her even before he had known or guessed her identity. Yes it was Louise, older, frailer, helpless and a beggar, no, not exactly that, for it seemed even here she was a toiler as of old.

"My God!" he thought, "how long has she been here?"

But they hurried him on, and when once more in the open air he felt he had not reached it any too soon. He was never so near a fainting fit in his life.

"Are you ill, Mr. Hunter?" inquired more than one.

"A little," he replied. "I think I will go to my room at the hotel and rest until supper."

But no sooner did he find himself alone than he sent for one of the maids, a girl that he knew had always lived in the place.

"Mary," said he, "I want to ask you a few questions, and you're not to tell anyone a thing I shall say. If I make you a present of five dollars do you think you can hold your tongue?"

Mary tossed her head and eyed the five-dollar bill.

"I can tell the truth without being paid. As for telling anything else, no money could make me do that."

"Very well, my girl, I only want the truth. When was Louise Upton taken to—to—"

He did not finish, something seemed to choke back the word.

The girl's eyes opened and grew round as saucers. Ah, she remembered now hearing her granny tell that Louise Upton had once had a lover who had gone away and grown rich. Could it be this was he?

"Only a year ago," she answered, softly, pitying the man she saw was really suffering. "She worked as long as she could, but it was rheumatism crippled her feet and she could not run a machine, then her hands were bad too, and—and there wasn't anyone to take care of her, so she asked to be put where she is."

"How long has her aunt been dead?"

"Her aunt! Oh, I can just remember her; about fifteen years, I think. But a

nicer, sweeter lady than Miss Louise couldn't be found. Lots of us cried and would have helped her, but she said no, she would go where she belonged."

"Where she belonged!" repeated the rich man in a tone of voice that made the girl's eyes sparkle.

"Here is your money, take it, and I'll not forget you, either."

"Thank you," said the maid, smiling joyously. "You are very kind."

Very kind!

Did the walls take up the words and echo and re-echo them? Kind, very kind! Him; kind?

He sat for an hour with closed eyes and compressed lips, then, as the shades of evening stole around, he passed out and sought once more the matron of the county infirmary.

"It is not the hour for visitors," she said crossly.

But when he explained that he must see one of the inmates privately, and tendered another five-dollar bill he was quickly admitted.

He waited for her in a cold, damp room called the reception-room, and she came at last—at last.

The door opened softly, there was a thump, thump of two crutches over the floor, and Louise, wondering and surprised, stood before him.

He bowed and wheeled forward a small sofa upon which she sank, more and more surprised, for she did not recognize him.

"Louise!" he said huskily, coming out into the stronger light. "Louise, don't you know me?"

"Bob—Bob Hunter!"

"Yes," he said, taking a seat at her side. "Bob Hunter. Don't you want to shake hands?"

She half extended her hand and then drew it back.

"Don't if you don't want to."

"Oh, it isn't that—but my hand—"

He knew, when he took it almost by force, the pretty, white hand that had been was now drawn and toil-marked.

He held it between both his own, his head bent over it, while a hot tear fell upon it.

Louise felt her breath coming and going at a most surprising rate, while she could not speak.

"I've thought it all over, Louise, ever since I found you here, this afternoon. I never knew what a cold-hearted villain I was before, but I know it well enough now."

Still Louise was silent.

"I loved you. I have never loved anyone else, but money was my god, and—and it conquered me. But to-day, when I saw you so frail and helpless and so poor, and thought of all your life had been and contrasted it with what it might have been, had I not been so cruel in the past, I felt that I wanted to go out and shoot myself."

"But you didn't," said Louise, smiling with something of her old brightness.

"No, because back of it all was a little hope, a faint ray indeed, but I thought, perhaps, even if you hated me, you might let me see that—that you never wanted for anything. If you don't, I won't answer for the consequences."

"Fie Bob!"

"Of course there's a better way—that is, if you don't hate me after all; which do you choose?"


The cold and cheerless room seemed to change to one of radiant splendor, when he bent over to hear her low reply:

"I have always tried to choose 'the better way.'"



## RILLA PERILEE.

BY S. E. GLOVER.

 I was a wild, lonely place, down by the old mill. In fact, it almost made your senses reel, when you first reached the spot. The whirl-r-r of the busy looms; the rushing and dashing and splashing of the mad waters; the towering hills; the dark, narrow, winding road along the river's edge, so hemmed in by rocky precipices on one side, and the deep, black river on the other, as to be the terror of the boldest horseman and drivers, even among the sturdy mountaineers, who passed along it daily. It was barely wide enough for our vehicle, and woe to the lonely traveler who chanced to meet another vehicle coming towards his own unexpectedly, on a dark night. Such a catastrophe did happen sometimes, and then the neighbors would congregate and discuss the practicability, or rather impracticability of widening the road.

"Jes you-uns look at that thar river, and then at them rocks, and then tell me if you-uns kin dew it, heow you-uns is a-goin' to widen that thar road," drawled Ichabod Jezreal Moon, one dark, rainy, winter's evening, after rather a more serious "accident" than usual, spitting at the same time, between his fingers, with a wonderful precision, at a glazing coal in the huge fireplace, which sputtered and blackened indignantly, and then went out altogether, until one bright, joyous little blaze from a neighboring coal lept towards it and kindled it again with its own kindly warmth. "What I want tew know is this: will you-uns cut in tew the moun-ting, or fill up the Big Salvation River a leetle? Take your time; don't be in tew big a hurry tew answer, nor, likewise, don't all speak at oncet whin ye dew."

"You've got us there, Ich. as sure as shooting," said a little man in red jeans, who wore around a rakish-looking straw hat, a very noticeable piece of

rusty black crape, pinned on with large headed brass pins. Simeon Ebenezer Stubbs was the cobbler of the village, and as some would insinuate a not altogether inconsolable widower of a few month's standing.

"There's some folks as says, that that thar narrer, dark, winding road, is haunted, and that thar is a 'oman as sits on that thar big rock this side o' the mill, and moans and groans most powerful arter midnight o' dark rainy nights, her as wur Samanthý Magdalene Church, which they dew say as her husband drowned her, so as he mought marry her sister Rilla Perilee Brown, as had come to live with them, which she wouldn't a married Homer Leonidas Church, naw! not ef every ha'r on his head hed been strung with gold beads, which they werrent."

This speaker was one of the oldest men in the "settlement," tall and gaunt, and yet rather patriarchal in his appearance. His gray hair was long and flowed uncombed and unkempt over his shoulders, and his long white beard fell to his waist, nearly covering his narrow chest. His keen gray eyes flashed brightly from almost sepulchral sockets, and his nearly toothless mouth was entirely concealed by his matted moustache and whiskers.

Tell us about it, Uncle Seth, I've heern somethin' about it myself years ago, but I forgit heow it wus now, ef I ever knowed. Wurn't she a school marm or somethin' o' that sort?" said Enoch Root, meditatively. "She wus, to the best of my knowledge and belief," old "Uncle Seth" replied, solemnly and slowly.

"'Twas when I wus a boy. It happened a long time ago, it's true, but to the dead one year is like a thousand the Bible says (or somethin' like it,) and I guess it's true, leastwise I think I'd find it so ef I hed to set on a rock every night, and take on so powerful strong, like I wus at a funeral. I've found

funerals that I had to attend, as a mourner, very wearin' and tirin', myself. I've fairlee sweated at one in midwinter, and midwinter on these mountings haint ginerally much of a sweatin' time, I reckon' you uns 'll all allow."

The widower sighed sentimentally, and looked ruefully at the old man, as if he feared he might be trespassing upon his own domain of sorrow, of which he liked still to feel himself chief sovereign.

"Wall heow cum it ennyheow as she married Homer Church? He wurrent no man fur books as ever I heerd," reiterated Enoch Root.

"Naw, nor he wussent; but then you see Samanthy Magdalene she cum from Castorville, and the Castorvillians held themselves fur above the Clayvillians, and then, too, Samanthy she hed some money, and Homer he hadn't nothin' but his face, as the gals thought, handsome, though fur my part, I never liked his looks myself, he wus that black—ha'r, eyes, and whiskers, which a black coat would a looked white by em; and then tew his flesh looked like he hadn't no blood in it. He wus fur all the world like a pictur' drawn on a whitewashed fence with charcoal." "Wall?" two or three voices exclaimed, with rather reluctant interest.

"Wall Homer's mar, she as were a Bricket and held her head high cause some o' the Brickets had revoluted with George Washington, she needs her a governiss fur her gals and so she boarded the school marm fur teachin' 'em to play on the pianna which she traded a cow fur that same. Wall Homer he wurrent doin' nothin' much at that time and so he tuck to coortin' o' the school-marm, and he married her. Wall he were raised in the lap o' luxury, so to speak, and didn't know or keer much about work, so arter awhile he tuck to drink. This hul settlemint were fairlee discommotioned by his cerryins on at times. Howsomever, Samanthy were that ambitious that she would'nt let on as he wurrent all he ought to be and more tew. She were that proud she nearly worked herself plum tew death, a cookin' and a scrubbin' fur that thar Homer—drat his

hide: "so as he would find home pleasant" when he were sober enough tew come home, which wurrent frequent, fur Homer were a rovin' fellow at the best o' times. Finenally Samanthy Magdalene she got scared o' bein' left so much alone so she up and sent fur her sister Rilla Perilee Brown, a pairfect kitten of a gal as ever I see in all my born days. Why that gal! whew! she clomb the apple trees and sot in 'em like a squirrel; she could jest ride any hoss in this settlemint, or mule, airy one, it didn't matter tew her. She could—wall there wurrent nothin' that she couldn't do, scasely. Wall the boys they all went wild about her. You mus all know how to play "Skeet Around the Ocean," don't ye? Wall, it's an old game. All takes hands in a ring, a gal and a boy and then put one odd boy in the middle, and all dance round him and sing "Skeet around the ocean long summer day," repeatin' the same constant, till the time sorter runs out, then they sing "Back to yere beauty long summer day," and the odd boy backs to his gal, then "Face yere beauty long summer day," and he promenades forwards to his gal awhile, then all of a suddint they sing "Kiss your beauty long summer day," and then ef she haint peart and brisk like, he gits at least one smack shore. Wall I remember that evenin' they played it at old man Skinner's, e'en a most every boy backed and faced to Rilla Perilee constant, which, they couldn't git a chance to kiss her frequent, she were that shy and peart; still, it wur no wonder that they tried, fur she wur pretty enough thet night to take the skin offen yere eyes, ef ye but jist looked at her. She wur all in white and had red roses pinned at her bosim and waist, and the way she skimmed around in them games, sorter light and bird-like and noiseless, a foolin' the lads when they thought they were a goin' to git a kiss wur a caution shore. Wal, Homer wur thar and he wur moren common full. Napoleon Bonaparte Stebbins he wur mighty sweet on Rilla Perilee, and she seemed powerful peart when he wur around as ef she sorter knowed who wur

a watchin' or her. Homer seed heow things wur a goin and he sorter stood round, sulky like, and would'nt play no games worth mentionin' scasely. Wall, arter supper we all squoze lemons and made some lemonade with a stick in it, and Homer he put more stick 'n lemon in his'n and got sulkier 'n blacker 'n ever. Wall, Samantha Magdalene, she tried tew pretend as how she did'nt see it, and she played and galivanted around generally with the best on 'em. Rilla Perilee, she and Nap got thicker'n thicker. I wasn't nothin' but a boy at that time but I spicioned as how she did'nt dodge much when he tried to kiss her, leastwise he alays did seem to manage to git something of a smack, and I reckon ef that fellow kissed her oncet he kissed her a dozen times, fur the games they played were mostly kissin' games. Our folks were too good fur a reel or a country dance, but they wurrent none too good fur kissen' games and they played 'em tew with a vim. Wall, it were powerful late, nigh on tew midnight ef I remembers right, when the party bruck up fine-nally. Homer he hitched up along o' the rest and started fur home, Nape axed Rilla Perilee to gin him her company, and they whisked off in Nap's brand new buggy, which, Nap driv as fine a creatur as wur tew be seen in these parts. Wall the old mill wur about half way between old man Skinner's and Homer's house, and you could scasely o' heard Gabriel blow his horn alongside o' that thar mill that night. The wind it wur a blowin' a pairfect hurricane and what with that and the river, and the mush-sheenery in the mill, which they run it night and day, you could'nt a heard nuthin' much; but some folks did say as they heerd a extry splashin' and moanin' as they rid by arter Homer and Samantha and Nap and Rilla had passed by, and the nex mornin' Samantha Magdalene Church were found right thar, on that thar big rock nigh the mill drowned, and as cold as a sea-sairpent. Homer nor his buggy wurrent no whars to be found, nuther wur Nap nor Rilla Perilee, nor yet ther buggy, which they found that at last, late in the day bruck into

bits, and the hoss most dead with skeer and hard runnin', with part of the hairness still stickin' tew him, in Capt. Par's field. Nap he wur found later, about a week I reckon, where he had floated down stream, and he'd been pick'd up at the nex settlement. He said es heow, that as he and Rilla Perilee wur a ridin' along real and peaceable quiet like, not hearin' nuthin' but the mill and the river, sumthin' struck 'em behint of a suddint, like es ef a buggy hed run intew 'em, and it upset 'em quick as lightnin'. He wur jes knocked clean senseless, and never knowed nuthin' more till he found hisself a lyin' on Jim Peter's bed, with the wimmin a rubbin' uv him, a forcin' sperits down his throat, which I reckon Nap never needed to hev none forced deown him afore, he wur genereally that willin'. Wall, when Nap herd as heow Samantha Magdalene wur drowned and that Homer Leonidas and Rilla Perilee wur both a missin', I wish yu uns could a seed him! Wall, sir! He jest sot up in that thar bed dazed like fur a minute, and then he jest riz frum it like a whirlwind, a cussin' and a swearin' like Satan, and the way he scattered them wimmin and them bed clothes and them bottles and stuff wur enough to fairlee astonish a fellow. Then he hollered out, "Giv me my boots," and they gin 'em and he fairlee jerked 'em on, likewise his clocs, and he tuck his pistols and left, I tell you."

"Whar did he find 'em?" asked Simeon Ebenezer Stubbs, stirred out of the habitual apathy of a true mountaineer, by the hope of a little bloodshed before the termination of Uncle Seth's narrative.

Seth raised his long legs and crossed and re-crossed them, the one over the other, slowly and meditatively; he then spit about half a pint of tobacco-juice through his fingers, caught his nose firmly with his thumb and forefinger and blew it on the hearth with much noise and unnecessary force, after which he wiped it carefully on his sleeve, and finally fixing his keen grey eyes on Sim, asked sarcastically: "And whur did you find yure manners, Simeon Stubbs? Ef



yere cross-examinin' a witness, why jest perceed with yere rat-killin', but ef yere a listenin' to a tale, which I think I wur axed by the crowd to tell it, why then show yere manners and listen perlately, leastwise ef I haint a takin' up tew much uv the valuable time uv the gintlemen present, es Parson Simpkins puts it."

"Naw"—"Go ahead"—"Shet yere head, Sim"—"Perceed, Uncle Seth"—and similiar expressions having sufficiently testified to the sentiments of the crowd, Uncle Seth was encouraged to "perceed," which he did after a few moments' reflection and a fresh "chaw" which was offered as a peace-offering by the discomfited Sim.

"Wall, I wur a leetle chap then, but I rid with pap and the rest o' the folks while they hunted fur Homer and Rilla Perilee fur weeks and weeks; but thar wurrent no railroads nor telegraphs in them days, and we nuver found 'em. I nuver hev sot eyes on Homer frum that day tell this, and ef his parients heerd they nuver let on, seein' as he would a been arrested for murderin' uv his wife, which a drummer did say here lately es he hed met a man named Homer Leonidas Church out in Texas; but then drummers dew tell sech yarns. Napoleon Bonaparte Stebbins he writ to his par and mar tew say good-bye es he wur a goin' out West to stay permanint, and then we couldn't heer nuthin' more. Wall I reckon it wur ten year arterwards es I wer travelin' through Alabamy, which it wur full of Injins then, and a powerful rough kinty; but our crops hed failed thet year and our fruit hed struck a rot, and I wer disheartened and thought to leave the old mountings fur good, which I couldn't make up my mind tew dew it arter all. Wall, es I wur sayin', I wur jest perspectin' es it wur, which, howsomever, I did stay out thar five year. Wall, one day es I wur ridin' along on horseback, I met a man similiarly ridin' and a cummin' to'ards me, and fore I could say nuthin', he up and said, says he: "Want to trade hosses?" Now that sounded mighty familiar, and I knowed jest then and thar by that same sign and token that that thar man he wur

from the mountings in Northeast Georgy. So I up and said, says I, peart-like and brisk, "What'll ye gin to boot?" and with that he laffed and laffed and laffed, tell I thought he'd jest fall off'n that thar hoss, he laffed so hearty. Then he riz in his stirrups and said, says he: "Seth Jones, gin us yere han'," and I gin it. And then he said, says he, "Don't ye know me, old boy?" and I said, "Naw." Then he said, says he, "Why I'm Napoleon Bonaparte Stebbins." Then I 'lowed as heow he'd fairlee kill hisself a laffin'."

"Why Seth, ye look like ye'd seed a spirit," says he.

I didn't say nuthin', I jest fairlee couldn't. Then he tuck me tew his house and wheo should I see thar a nussin' a baby, but Rilla Perilee Brown—leastwise, she wur a Brown, (apolegitically) I knowed her es soon es I seed hur, fur all I wur a leetle chap when Samanthy Magdalene were drowned, I al'ays hed a weak spot somewhurs fur Rilla Perilee. Wall, she knowed me tew, she did, fur a fac', and she actewelly kissed me, she did, ye mayn't believe me, but she did, she wur that glad to see me. Wall, we sot down to supper and fed, and thar wur lots o' leetle ones and they fed with us. And arter supper when Rilla Perilee hed put the children to bed—all 'ceptin' the oldest gal, who wur jest the livin' image o' her mar. I up and axed 'em heow it all happened, and they told me. And to the best of my knowledge and belief, it kem eout this way, leastwise this wur what they both testified, and I believed 'em, which it wur but nateral es I should. Ye see, Homer Leonidas, he seed Nap a kissin' Rilla Perilee and she didn't slap him nor nuthin'; but jest said, "Neow quit yere foolishness," es gals dew when they're willin' and don't like tew say so. Homer he and Samanthy wur a ridin' right b'hint 'em, which owing to the noise aforesaid, Nap didn't heer the wheels nor know they wur so neer. Homer got mad and bein' drunk'rn common, he didn't stop fur no reflexion, but driv' right intew 'em. Then thur buggy upset on the river side and Nap wur pitched

intew the water, and most likely from a fallin' on a rock he wur knocked senseless. Homer must a flung Samanthy Magdalene intew the river by force, and then he dragged Rilla Perilee out from under the buggy which had upshot right on her and knocked her nigh about speechless. He put her in his buggy and she wur that discommotioned and stunned like thar's no tellin' whar he mought a taken her, only she heerd her sister, as she was a drownin' give a most unyearthly screech, and with that she jumped out'n the buggy a screamin' like the jedgemint, and the hoss he runned away with Homer so es he couldn't stop him nor nuthin', and then and thar all alone, at midnight, that pretty young creeter, she seed her poor murdered sister drown'd right afore her eyes, and then bein' sorter crazed-like she runned like mad and nuver stopped tell she fell onsensible and was picked up by a wagon a goin' to Castorville, and thar she wur knowed and wur tuck to her mar, which she never knowed her nor ennybody fur weeks, she wur that bad off with fever on her brain. Nobody knowed whur she come from nor heow.

They writ and writ to Samanthy and never heerd a word. 'Twer weeks fore Rilla Perilee could tell 'em nothin', and then they heerd that Samanthy wur buried and Homer weren't tew be found, and this last they heerd from Nap hisself who came a huntin' Rilla Perilee, which they 'lowed she and Nap took on turrible when he come a kissin' and a cryin' over one another. Wall, Nap and Rilla Perilee wur married real soon, and 'fore she went with him tew the church, she made him swear tew her es he wouldn't never ax her tew ever go to Claysville, no, indeed, never no more. And futhermore, she never could a bear to heer 'em mention nothin' about the place. Arter awhile her mar died and she didn't hev no par nor brothers and sisters, so she and Nap pulled up stakes and went ont to Alabamy, whar they uns riz cotton and lots o' children, which I married the oldest daughter, as wur the livin' image of her mar. And now that's the hull truth as fur as I know it, which I hed it from them as knowed all about it, and them wur Napoleon Bonaparte Stebbins, and his wife Rilla Perilee Stebbins, the same wur Rilla Perilee Brown."



## IF ONLY.

HATTIE HORNER LOUTHAN.

ONLY love me, Love, and winds may blow,  
And clouds may stoop to vail the sun from sight,  
And flowers may fade, and Junetime stay or go,  
To me the winter's chill, the summer's glow  
Alike pass by amid thy love's delight.

Only love me. Let the drops of care  
Beat heavy on me from the clouds above,  
Let every step before me prove a snare.  
Each untried sorrow still my soul will dare,  
And call it pleasure. Only love me, Love!

## A HASTY JUDGMENT.

BY ADA E. FERRIS.

**G**ERALD! Bless the boy, I believe he's dreaming."  
"No, mother, not quite," Gerald Trevor answered, arousing hastily. "Only thinking. What was it you wanted?"

"Young people are apt to be thinking on the morning after a party, especially when they didn't get home 'till past midnight," Mrs. Trevor said dryly. She shrewdly suspected of whom her son was thinking. "I have an errand for you at the store. These things are wanted—I've written out the list, so you can't forget."

"A necessary precaution!" laughed Gerald.

"A written list is as safe as anybody's memory," Mrs. Trevor replied, not choosing to argue the point.

Gerald was passing out when a young lady hurried in to say eagerly, "Oh, Cousin Gerald, will you do me a favor by the way?"

"Why not, if I can? What is it?"

"Annis Leighton promised to lend me that book of Miss Parloa's. If you wouldn't mind stopping for it—I'll write a line if you'll wait a minute, only I hate to stop for anything till the morning work is done up."

"You needn't bother. I guess I can command sufficient language to tell Miss Leighton you sent me for a book she promised you."

"Do you really think so? Now I shouldn't wonder a bit if it took you nearly twenty minutes to get it said," remarked his second cousin demurely.

"But, of course, I am the more grateful for your willingness to sacrifice the time for me, and I am really very anxious to get that book and try housekeeping as a fine art."

"All right. It won't be my fault if you don't have a chance to try it by this afternoon," Gerald answered with a manly unconsciousness that his sentence would have been far more welcome without the last words.

His mother knew better, and when Gerald drove off thinking only that Cousin Hattie would make a model housekeeper for somebody, sometime, Mrs. Trevor said grimly, "You're downright obliging, Hattie, to give him an errand to Annis Leighton."

"He would go there anyway," Hattie replied, shrugging her shoulders. "And he might just as well bring me my book and save the trip."

"You think it is a settled thing, then?"

"You'd have thought so, if you had seen their eyes last night. Like as not he'll ask your blessing when he comes back."

"Well, I don't know as I'm sorry," Mrs. Trevor remarked slowly. "Annis is a good girl, though not the girl I'd have chosen. I'm no admirer of blue-stockings myself, and from all I can hear Annis reads more books every year than I've read in all my life. I don't know where she gets the time, I am sure. My housework keeps me busy. I don't know what sort of a cook she is, nor how she keeps things. Still she's a good girl, friendly to everybody, a good church-member, and smart as can be, if a body likes to hear a young girl talk about science and politics and such like men's business. Gerald likes it, and no doubt when she's married, she'll take a pride in her housekeeping, too. I'm not going to complain."

"I'm sure I've seen prettier girls," commented Hattie, glancing at the mirror.

"She'll do well enough," Mrs. Trevor answered dryly. She knew Hattie would have been quite willing, but in her secret heart the mother was rather glad Gerald had chosen some one else. "Hattie's a nice girl, I know," she told herself, "but I like Annis' frank, out-spoken ways best. It isn't best for girls to be so smooth and shrewd and almost sly. If Gerald could only have fancied Nellie

East now—but boys will choose for themselves and not for their mothers."

Meanwhile Gerald was whistling happily along the road, forgetting all about Hattie and her good housewifery, forgetting Nellie East, though he had met her and noticed how neat and pretty she was—forgetting everything but Annis, bright, keen-witted Annis who could hold her own with any man in town on almost any topic—wise, queenly, gentle Annis who had not a peer in the world, he was sure! How enchanting had been their conversation last night! How her eyes sparkled with intelligence and sympathy! How pretty her home was—that little brown cottage with its broad porches covered with vines and bowered in flowery shrubs! She would be all alone in the pretty sitting-room he knew, for Mrs. Leighton was away, and the lively brothers would be at school or in the field with their father. Annis would be alone, sewing, or perhaps busy with her books or music. He knew just how fresh and pure and dainty she would look. He must be careful not to stay too long, but—why the door was open! Should he steal softly upon her, or— He stood still in the open doorway, in utter amazement, and not untinged with displeasure. The pretty sitting-room, hitherto always so neat and dainty, was now unswept, undusted, and in decided confusion. Worse yet, through a half-open door could be seen the breakfast-table still covered with the morning's dishes over which the flies buzzed merrily. What did this mean? Half-inclined to retreat, he knocked loudly.

There was a sudden stir, and in a moment Annis came out of her room. Her crumpled dress, disordered hair, and sleepy eyes told plainly of a morning's nap, though after that first start she came forward to greet him as gracefully as ever.

"You find me rather a lazy-bones this morning," she said brightly, though coloring slightly as she closed the dining-room door. "Come in, please."

"No, I won't detain you," Gerald answered stiffly, thinking how his mother resented any interruption before her

house was in order. "I only called by Hattie's request for a book she said you promised to lend her."

"Oh, yes!" brightly as ever, though the pink deepened on her cheeks. "It is here, I think. Hattie seems to take a great interest in cooking."

"You are not ill this morning?" he asked almost anxiously.

"Oh, no! Quite well, only tired. Here is the book. Wait one moment till I pick a bunch of roses for your mother."

He waited, but the charm was broken. The untidy house, unwashed dishes, disordered hair and crumpled dress were fatal flaws in his peerless diamond. Asleep at that hour in the morning, with the work all undone! To be sure, it was late when they got home last night. She might be excused for wanting a nap, but surely the breakfast-table might have been cleared first. He was sorely disappointed in her, and showed it in spite of himself when she brought the roses with that arch unconscious smile.

"Thank you. Mother will like them. I am sorry you found last night's pleasure so fatiguing."

Annis flashed a sharp glance into his face, and then stepped back with a changed expression.

"I think I shall survive it," she answered coldly.

Gerald didn't whistle any going home, and the keen-eyed mother saw at once something was wrong. What, it was not so easy to say. Hattie had a strong suspicion. Had not Mrs. Green whispered to her last night, "I expect the Leighton's 'll be glad when their ma gets home. Annis neglects the house-work shameful. Always on the go. When she ain't off enjoying herself somewhere, she's over helping those sick Thompsons. Well, charity's all very well, but I say charity begins at home, and a woman's first duty is to keep her own house decent."

Yes, Hattie had a strong suspicion, but if Gerald said nothing, why should she? So she studied Miss Parloa and manifested great interest in cooking and housewifery with a clear conscience.

Nor were there any definite results to arouse her self-reproach. Gerald praised her progress when it was called to his attention, and ate her fancy cooking unconsciously when it was not, but never approached nearer love-making than to remark gayly that somebody would have a treasure of a wife by and by. He had no fancy in that line himself. Because one's diamond proves mere paste, shall one snatch up the first pebble that lies in his way?

It was nonsense to think of Annis any longer. Bah, what sort of a home would a man have with such a wife? He could not see her now, however fresh and dainty her dress might be, without thinking of that disorderly room and unwashed dishes. He even noticed—or was it Hattie's remark that made him notice—that a tiny rent carelessly made in her pretty blue muslin on the night of the party was still there when she wore the dress again several days after. Jove, what a housewife she would be! Yet he was no more inclined to marry a mere household drudge than before. He felt more inclined to swear eternal celibacy.

But fate threw pretty Nellie East in his way presently—one of the sweetest, most modest girls in town, and known to be her mother's right hand. First, an unruly horse acted as Cupid's assistant, then a pelting storm in which Gerald's umbrella proved a welcome refuge. After that I suspect good Mrs. Trevor had a hand in causing several meetings, until Gerald's increasing fancy made further strategy unnecessary, and in a very few months from the time of that morning call, Nellie was Gerald's promised wife.

If Annis wore the willow she did not proclaim the fact. She carried herself throughout with her own bright gentle independence, and remained on the most friendly terms with Nellie, though cool and even a little disdainful sometimes toward Gerald. Then, one day came a revelation Gerald never forgot.

It was at a sociable. Some one had criticised the absent Annis as a "blue-stockings" too wrapt up in her books to be a practical friend or housewife, when

old Mrs. Thompson flushed up indignantly.

"A 'blue-stockings' is she? Well, maybe, but she's ten times over the friend in trouble that some of your spick-and-span fine housekeepers be. She'd rather read her book than scour her kitchen floor, I s'pose, and no shame to her either. She's got brains enough to understand books" (with a malicious insinuation in the tone). "But when our folks were so sick last June she was over there all but day and night. Just hurry through the work at home—skimp it, too—and over she'd come. Yes, I know you ladies couldn't spare time, you was so busy scrubbin' your doorsteps, and makin' your lemon pies. But Annis Leighton ain't that sort. She don't let her neighbors die for want of help while she's fussing and pumping. She could quiet our Charlie when nobody else could, and she nigh wore herself out doing it, too. You mind the night of Drew's party? Annis had been with us pretty near all the night before, and half the day. She would go to the party because she said they were 'lotting on her for some charades or something, but the minute she got back she changed her dress and ran over to our house. She stayed till daylight. Then she went back and got breakfast, and was so dead tired she laid down while the boys ate, and when they finished she was fast asleep. They went off without waking her, and I believe she'd 'a slept all day if somebody hadn't happened to come and wake her. That's the kind of neighbor Annis Leighton is. She told me once she hadn't opened a book nor sewed a stitch for a fortnight except a little mending she did for me. She said her own fixing could wait."

Gerald escaped from the room at the first opportunity. He was confounded, dazed and bewildered. Was this Annis Leighton, the girl he had spurned—despised and deserted because, forsooth, she was worn out with generous toil for others?

What a horrible injustice, what a cruel wrong he had done her! And now it was too late to repair it. He was engaged



to Nellie East. The cruelty must go on, and who knew how she might suffer? In his bewilderment he almost ran against Annis herself, coming slowly up the street, and involuntarily a part of his feeling broke forth.

"Annis, I have just heard—just discovered what a blind fool I was. Can you ever forgive me?"

"What for?" Annis asked, with startled eyes.

"For misjudging you so that day I called for the cook book—for thinking that a neglected house meant idleness, when it really meant the most unselfish devotion to the comfort of others."

"Oh! You have found that out at last, have you?" she said, with an amused smile.

"Why didn't you tell me then, Annis?"

"You didn't ask me—and I hate brag. Besides, I was provoked. I thought you would find out sometime."

"Yes, now when it is too late to do any good," Gerald muttered, under his breath.

Annis heard, however, and the soft color he remembered so well tinted her cheek again.

"And why too late?" she asked quickly, a bright fearless meaning in her glance. "We are both very much alive yet, and may be for years to come—and I like to be respected now as much as I did then. Besides, begging your pardon, I think a man ought to learn that appearances are deceitful before he is married, and not be blindly accusing his wife of waning affection because her corns ache or of hypocritical machinations because she is planning a birthday surprise. Nellie is so sensitive, it would hurt her cruelly."

How lightly she spoke! But Gerald

could not so easily drop the graver view of the case.

"I shall never forgive myself. Such a stupid blunder to have altered perhaps the whole course of two or three lives!" he said,—and then could have bitten out his tongue for such a presumptuous clumsiness.

But Annis only laughed, and her answer was as frankly bold as his words.

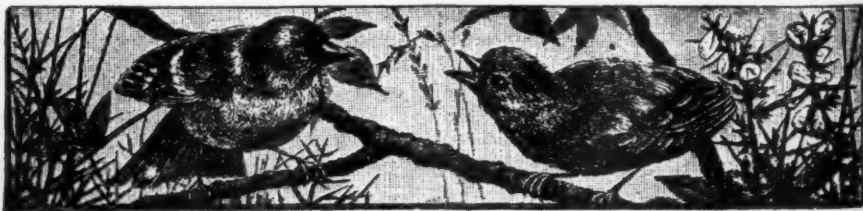
"Oh well, there is no harm done—though more by good luck than good management, I grant. No need to regret. Nellie is fair and true and tender enough for any man, no matter where you find him. And I—well, Ernest Howells is quite good enough for me at any rate."

"Brother Howells, the young minister? Are you engaged to him?" Gerald gasped, a sense of great relief curiously blended with keen mortification that he should have been replaced so soon,—if indeed he had ever had the sure place he fancied in her affections.

Annis assented, a happy pride in her dark eyes. No wonder. That young minister, earnest, eloquent and fearless, was a man of whom sweetheart or wife might well be proud.

"I congratulate you," Trevor said as soon as he recovered his breath. "Then you will find it easier to forgive me, since there has been no harm beyond a passing vexation."

"Good to forgive; better to forget," quoted Annis lightly. "Though I suppose we had better remember the lesson. It isn't safe to rely on Providence to save us from the consequences of our own blunders. I, for one, don't propose to go to parties again till the house is in decent order. There's Nellie. Dear little girl! I'm going to tell her that you and I are friends again!"



## THE SEAL-SKIN COAT.

BY MARY A. DENISON.



HAVE found a pocket-book full of money!" says Lily Cavendish, coming into the room like a burst of sunshine.

"Just look," she goes on, opening its pockets wide enough to display them. "See the twenties and the fifties! Oh, mother, it makes me feel as if we were really rich."

"Yes, dear, and we need money so much! but—" and the blue eyes meet the gray ones so full of a gentle meaning.

"Oh, of course, it isn't ours," and the young girl turns away, regretfully. Twenty dollars would pay for a whole quarter of music lessons. Ten dollars would buy that sweet little coat down to Holt's; oh, mother, so very pretty! such nice fur on the collar, not costly, but stylish!"

She pauses, holding the veil she has unpinned from her hat, her sweet flushed face all alight.

"I did want that coat so much! mine is all worn out."

"Never mind, darling, by and by," is the low, soft answer. "As to this money, not a cent is ours; I am so sorry you found it!"

"So am I, mother," was the half laughing rejoinder. "And now what to do with it?"

"Put it carefully away, dear, till Dick comes," her mother said.

"Yes, of course, we can always depend upon Dick's advice. What a dear wise old fellow he is! I won't even count the money. To tell you the truth, I don't like to look at it. I'm afraid it will make me covetous. And now I'm going out to bake some biscuit, and get your supper, dear."

She bent over, hat in hand, and kissed the gentle, motherly face. Then she smoothed out the ruffled wing that formed part of the ornamentation of her little gray head-gear. The coat she held at arm's length, looking at it half comically, half sadly, pouting a little, shaking

it a little, as much as to say, "you will have to do for awhile longer yet, but I don't like you." Better thoughts came, however, and she said aloud in warmer tones, "but then you have done me good service," and hung it carefully away.

They had three rooms in a flat, Lily Cavendish and her mother. The first was a general sitting-room, and daintily furnished, for Lily, though busy much of the time in an embroidery and fancy store, allowed her exquisite taste to have fair play when at home, and her clever fingers had made many pretty things in fancy work, that added very much to the artistic beauty of the room. The second was their bed-room, and the next, the largest and sunniest of all, they used both to cook and dine in.

Lily went through into this pleasant place. The floor shone redly in the warm blaze of the setting sun. The tins behind the little home-made screen, were as bright and burnished as silver, and the natty little gas-stove stood proudly on its pedestal, as much as to say "I'm the prettiest thing in this room; come look at me."

Very deftly Lily went to work rolling up her sleeves, her hands as white as the flour into which they were plunged, she soon had in milk-white array a dozen little loaves in readiness for the oven.

The table was soon set, and it was a pretty sight to see, for the china and glass were heir-looms, valuable enough to put in frames and hang up on the parlor wall, only Lily's mother said:

"They are none too good for our use. I've always been accustomed to them," and there's where her pride peeped out of the windows of her poverty. "But then," she added, "we have no servant to break them; we wash them ourselves."

There was bread and honey, a wee plate of chipped meat, coddled with butter, good tea, and a tiny china pitcher full of cream. But the biscuit! ah, they added the crowning beauty to the little

feast, they were so white inside, so brown out.

Afterwards, when the dishes were washed and everything cleared away, Dick came in. A good-looking fellow he was, too; bright-eyed, tall, straight and slender.

"And, oh, Dick!" exclaimed Lily, this way after he had kissed her—for sometime in the future she was to be his little wife, "I've found loads and loads of money!"

"What do you mean, my darling?" Dick asked.

"Just what I say—this pocket-book, see! You may count the money because you are level-headed, and the sight of it sets my brain spinning, besides making me wish it was all mine, or ours."

"Let me see," said Dick, and presently he was busy, counting, with a bright golden head very near, only she shut her eyes.

"How much do you guess, pet?" he asked a moment after, looking up smilingly.

"Oh, hundreds of dollars, I suppose," she answered.

"Five thousand?" he whispered into her astonished ears. "There are several one thousand dollar bills there."

Lily started, and leaned back with clasped hands.

"Oh, Dick! how rich we should be!"

"If it was ours, yes," he made reply. "All right, how soon can you get ready? We'll start for Canada to-morrow. That's where all the big thieves go."

"To call yourself a thief! Oh! oh! Even in jest it is something awful. Ever since I could first recite 'it's a sin to steal a pin,' I have hated a thief. So we won't go to Canada to-morrow, dear."

Dick came to Lily's home the next day with great news.

"My darling, what do you think? I have just found out that it is Holstein, of Holstein Brothers who lost that pocket-book," he said. "It was stolen."

"Your employer!" Lily said eagerly, almost frightened. "And you will carry it to him?"

"Yes, of course. I told him about it,

asking his advice, 'Why' says he, 'it's my loss. Either my pocket was picked or it was taken out of my desk. Well, I'm very much delighted. First money I ever lost in my life, and it worried me. Who do you work for, young man?'"

"I couldn't help smiling as I answered 'the firm, sir, of Holstein Brothers, Fifteenth Street, N.W.'"

"Ah! aye!" and he lifted his chin up—his eyes twinkled—"a very respectable firm, I believe," and then he laughed. There are so many of us, no wonder he did not know. Where did you find the pocket-book, Lily?"

"In a thick clump of grass, perhaps it was hidden there. I was going to pass it by, for I hate to pick up anything in the street, but something told me to stop, and there were no boys near to laugh at me, provided they had put it there for fun."

"Well, I'm glad we've found the owner," said Dick. "He had worried over it a good deal, I suspect, for he is one of that sort who will pinch a ten-cent piece till it squeals. At least that's his reputation. He was just going out to advertise the loss and offer fifty dollars reward."

"Fifty dollars!" gasped Lily. "Do you suppose he will give it to me?"

"I don't know," Dick answered; "I wish he would give me a lift in the business, it would be better than a good many fifties."

"I could buy that lovely coat!" was Lily's next rejoinder, "and oh! so many things!"

"He took your address," said Dick.

"He did?" Lily clapped her hands.

"Perhaps he will call."

"Oh. I do hope he will. I never saw the head of the firm. Is he handsome?"

"Called so," said Dick.

"And rich?"

"Millions," was the answer.

"Oh, Dick! I hope he will call, for I do so want that fifty dollars! I think I shall be the happiest girl alive."

Lily was at home that day when Mr. Holstein called. She saw before her a man with a grave countenance, by no

means old, rather handsome than otherwise. He saw, and lost his heart at once—in a business way—to the loveliest girl it had ever been his good fortune to meet. As he conversed with her, his interest grew, and Lily found herself talking to this great merchant and financier, as if he had been an old-time friend.

During the day she had partly matured a plan in her mind which she now determined to put in execution. When Mr. Holstein spoke of his obligation to her she spoke at once of Dick as her counselor, adding, "I never should have known what to do."

"The young man is your brother or cousin, perhaps," he said.

"Oh no, though of the same name he is not related to me at all," she said, a vivid blush staining either cheek; "but," she looked down.

"But he may sometime be," Mr. Holstein said, more and more pleased and interested.

"Perhaps; but that depends upon whether he gets a promotion," she said very sweetly. "At present his salary is very small, so he is waiting. If they only knew Dick's worth."

"And there would be no chance for an older and richer suitor?" he questioned, a curious expression stealing into his face.

"Oh, never! you see Dick and I have been engaged for three long years. We have known each other so long!" she made answer with a confiding smile.

"Permit me," he said, as he held out his hand, "to wish you much happiness." He rose in a courtly way, and took his leave.

"Not even ten dollars reward," said Lily; "bless his stingy heart! But, then, mamma, I gave him a hint."

"A hint! my dear! How very unladylike!" her mother said, shaking her head.

"One forgets, sometimes, when one is in earnest," laughed Lily. "Another cup, mamma, the tea is so nice! I wish I had asked him to stay; he couldn't get better tea nor biscuit at home, if he is a millionaire. Ah, but that coat! if I could only buy that coat! You see,

dear, why I gave him that hint, was because he as much as asked me. Just think of it! if there would be any chance for an older and richer man. The idea! Give up my glorious Dick!"

"Not even for the head of the firm!" said Lily's mother.

"Not even for the head of the firm! My splendid Dick!"

Dick presented himself that night in high glee.

"Positively, Dick, I never saw you look so handsome before," said Lily, as he clasped her hand in his.

"Because you are an angel," he said rapturously.

"Why do you call me an angel?" she asked, looking up with an expression child-like and bland.

"Because you have done such wonderful things for me," and he drew her close to him. "Lily, I declare and protest again, you are my angel."

"And there's the express," said Lily, cheeks glowing, eyes shining, a curious little self-satisfied feeling quickening all her pulses, and she hurried to the window, while Dick went out and down stairs. Presently he brought a bulky package into the room and placed it on the table, while Lily looked wonderingly on.

Then Mrs. Cavendish came in from the other room, looking very sweet and motherly. Dick kissed her, as he gave her his arm in an old-fashioned courtly manner.

"Let me tell you both of my altered fortune," he said, leading Lily to a seat. "Mr. Holstein called me into his counting-room to-day. He asked a few leading questions—which I answered. Then he took my breath away by offering me one of the best places in the house—a position I have always aspired to, and which I know I can fill. He told me he had been here, so I knew Lily did it, heaven bless her!"

"My dear," asked her mother, "is this the outcome of the hint you spoke of?"

"Never mind, mamma," and Lily's cheeks were two blush roses; "it's no more than he ought to have done a year

ago. Dick has earned it over and over. But Dick, I'm dying to know about that bundle."

"All right, you little curiosity shop," said Dick. "After he had astonished me by naming the amount of my salary, he said: 'I wish you to go up with me into the cloak department. Now, sir,' he went on as I stood in the great room, 'select any one of these seal-skin cloaks or coats. Suit your fancy, Miss Jennie will try them on,' he nodded to the sales-woman. 'She is about the size, I should think;' then he went down stairs, smiling."

"And did you—did you—" Lily could say no more, but stood breathless, her eyes shining.

"I should think I did," was the quick rejoinder, as Dick rose and unfastened the long bundle. Another moment and Lily stood radiant in one of the most

beautiful garments that ever went out of Holstein Brother's great store.

"Oh, I can't believe it!" she cried, trembling with happiness. "Such a splendid coat, and I did hope he'd give me ten dollars to buy the one I saw in the window. Mother, did you ever see anything so lovely in your life? A seal-skin, a real seal-skin. It takes my breath away."

"It is lovely, but you will need so many things, my dear, to be in harmony with it," her mother said, smiling at her daughter's great joy, delighted with her beauty.

"She shall have them all," said Dick, proudly.

"Let me see," and Lily checked off on her fingers, "nice gloves, trim shoes, a dainty little hat, which I shall make myself—don't worry, dear, I think I shall satisfy your fastidious taste, even in a seal-skin!"



### THE DAISY CHAIN.

BY FREDERICK A. BISBEE.

WE two were together in summery weather,  
Down where the meadow was kissed by the sea;  
And sunbeams were glancing, and daisies were dancing  
A rhythmical dance to the wind's melody.  
I felt my heart beating, my lips kept repeating,  
"I love you, my darling, I love you, my own,  
I love you, my treasure, I love beyond measure;  
You are my queen, and my heart is your throne."

Alas! for my passion! you did nought but fashion  
With fingers so dainty, a white daisy chain,  
Until my heart aching, until my hopes breaking;  
My eyes filled with tears that I could not restrain,  
Then somehow, I know not, a great tangling bow-knot  
Of daisies encircled you, darling, and me!—  
And sunbeams were glancing, and daisies were dancing,  
Down where the meadow was kissed by the sea.





**Y**OU are a dead man!" said the doctor, looking intently at Anatole.

Anatole staggered.

He had come gaily to pass the evening with his old friend Dr. Bardais, the illustrious savant whose works on venomous substances are known all over the world, whose nobility of heart and almost paternal goodness Anatole had learned to know better than any other living soul; and now, without the least hesitation or preparation, he heard this terrible prognostication issue from those authoritative lips!

"Unhappy child, what have you done?" continued the doctor.

"Nothing that I know of," stammered Anatole, greatly agitated.

"Tax your memory, tell me what you have eaten or drunk—what you have inhaled?"

The last word was a ray of light to Anatole. That very morning he had received a letter from one of his friends who was travelling in India; in the let-

ter was a flower plucked on the banks of the Ganges by the traveller—a strangely-formed red flower, the perfume of which—he now recalled the fact vividly—had appeared to him to be singularly penetrative. He hastily drew forth his pocket-book and produced the letter with its contents and handed them to the savant.

"No doubt is possible?" cried the doctor; "it is the 'Pyramenesis Indica!' the deadly flower, the flower of blood!"

"Then,—you—really think—?"

"Alas! I am sure of it,"

"But—it is impossible!—I am only five-and-twenty years of age, and feel full of life and health—!"

"At what hour did you open that fatal letter?"

"This morning, at nine o'clock."

"Well—to-morrow morning, at the same hour, at the same minute, in full health, as you say, you will feel a pain in your heart—and all will be over."

"And you know of no remedy—no means of—"

"None!" said the doctor.

And, covering his face with his hands, he sank into a chair overcome by grief.

In face of the profound emotion of his old friend, Anatole understood that he was really condemned.

He hurried from the doctor's house like a madman. His forehead bathed in cold perspiration, his ideas all confused,



"HE EXAMINED IT CLOSELY."

going he knew not whither, he sped on and on amid the darkness of the night, taking no heed of the loneliness of the streets he was traversing. For a long time he pursued this course, until at length, finding a bench, he sank down upon it.

How many hours had he still to live?

The persistent and distressing sound of a racking cough brought him back to consciousness; he looked in the direction whence it came and saw, seated upon the same bench, a pale and weak little flower-girl—a child not more than eight years old. who as François Coppée says,

"Dies of the winter while offering us the spring."

That verse of the poet's recurred to the mind of Anatole; he felt in his waistcoat-pocket and found there two sous and two louis. He was going to give the poor child the two sous; but recollecting that he had only a few hours longer to live, he gave her the two louis.

This incident did him good.

He had been like a man stunned by a blow on the head; his bewilderment was overcome now, and he began to reassemble his dislocated ideas.

"My situation," he said to himself, "is that of a man condemned to death. A man in that position may still, however, hope for pardon—many of that sort are pardoned in our days. In past times even, some have been saved from the axe or the cord, to devote themselves to some difficult or dangerous piece of work—the launching of a ship, for example, or, as in the time of Louis XI., to marry an old woman. If I were consulted in the matter, I should prefer to launch a ship. Unfortunately, I shall not be consulted during the short interval of time that remains to me. But, by the way, how long have I got to live?"

He looked at his watch.

"Three o'clock in the morning!—it is time to go to bed. To bed!—waste in sleep my last six hours! Not if I know it. I have certainly

something better than that to do. But what? Of course—to make my will."

A restaurant—one of those which keep open all night—was not far off. Anatole entered it.

"Garçon, a bottle of champagne—and ink and paper."

He drank a glass of Cliquot and looked thoughtfully at the sheet of paper before him.

"To whom shall I bequeath my six thousand francs a year? I have neither farther nor mother—happily for them? Amongst the persons who interest me, I see only one—Nicette."

Nicette was a charming girl of eighteen, with blonde tresses and large black eyes; an orphan like himself—a community in misfortune which had long established

between them a secret and complete sympathy.

His last will and testament was speedily drawn up: universal legatee, Nicette.

That done, he drank a second glass of champagne.

"Poor Nicette," he mused, "she was very sad when I last saw her. Her guardian who knows nothing of the world outside his class of wind instruments at the Conservatoire de Musique, had taken upon himself to promise her hand to a brute of an amateur of fencing whom she detests—the more because she has given her heart to somebody else. Who is that happy mortal?—I haven't the least idea; but he is certainly worthy of her, or she would never have chosen him. Good, gentle, beautiful, loving Nicette deserves the ideal of husbands. Ah! she is the very wife that would have suited me, if—if—. By Jove, it's an infamy, to compel her to destroy her life—by confiding such a treasure to such a brute! I have never before so well understood the generous ardor which fired the breasts of the wandering knights, and spurred them on to the deliverance of oppressed beauty. And, now I come to think of it, what hinders me from becoming the knight-errant of Nicette? My fate is settled—at nine o'clock—after that it will be too late; now, therefore, is the time for action. The hour is a little unusual for visiting people; but, when I reflect that, five hours hence, I shall be no more, I conclude that I have no time for standing on etiquette. Forward!—my life for Nicette!"

Anatole rose—and then, perceiving that he had no money, he gave his gold watch to the waiter in payment for the champagne—a watch worth five hundred francs.

The garçon took the chronometer, and examined it closely—weighed it in his hand, opened it—and finally put it in his pocket doubtfully and without thanking Anatole.

It was four o'clock in the morning when he rang at the door of Monsieur Bouvard, the guardian of Nicette. He rang once, twice, and at the third tug, broke the bell-wire. At length Monsieur Bouvard himself, in his night dress and in great alarm, came and opened the door.

"What is the matter—is the house on fire?"

"No, my dear Monsieur Bouvard," said Anatole, "I have only paid you a little visit."



"PRRRROUM!"

"At this hour?"

"It is pleasant to see you at any hour, my dear Monsieur Bouvard! But you are so lightly dressed—pray get into bed again."

"I am going to do so. But, I suppose, Monsieur, that it was not simply to trouble me in this way that you have come at such an hour? You have something of importance to say to me?"

"Very important, Monsieur Bouvard! It is to tell you that you must renounce

the idea of marrying my cousin Nicette to Monsieur Capdenac."

"What do you say?"

"You must renounce that project."

"Never, Monsieur?—never!"

"Don't fly in the face of Providence by using such language?"

"My resolution is fixed, Monsieur; this marriage will take place."

"It will not, Monsieur?"

"We will see about that. And, now that you have had my answer, Monsieur, I'll not detain you."

"A speech none too polite, Monsieur Bouvard; but, as I am as good-natured as I am tenacious, I will pass over it, and—remain."

"Stay if it pleases you to do so; but I shall consider you gone, and hold no further conversation with you."

Saying which Monsieur Bouvard turned his face to the wall, grumbling to himself—

"Was ever such a thing seen!—rousing a man at such an hour!—breaking his sleep, only to pour into his ears such a pack of nonsense—!"

Suddenly Monsieur Bouvard sprang to a sitting posture in his bed.

Anatole had possessed himself of the professor's trombone, into which he was blowing like a deaf man, and sending from the tortured instrument sounds of indescribable detestableness.

"My presentation trombone!—given me by my pupils? Let that instrument alone, Monsieur!"

"Monsieur, you consider me gone; I shall consider you—absent, and shall amuse myself until you return. Couac! couac!—fromm! brout! Eh?—that was a fine note!"

"You will get me turned out of the house; my landlord will not allow a trombone to be played here after midnight. Do stop, I beg."

"A man who evidently hath not music in his soul! Frrou! frrou, prrr!"

"You will split my ears!—you'll spoil my instrument!—a trombone badly played on is a trombone destroyed, Monsieur!"

"Couac! prounn, pra—pra—prrr—"

"For mercy's sake give over!"

"Will you consent?"

"To what?"

"To renounce the idea of that marriage?"

"Monsieur, I cannot!"

"Then—couac!"

"Monsieur Capdenac—"

"Prrrroum—!"

"Is a terrible man to deal with!"

"Frrou!—"

"If I were to offer him such an affront, he would kill me."

"Is that the only reason which stops you?"

"That—and several others."

"In that case leave the matter to me; only swear to me that if I obtain Monsieur Capdenac's renunciation, my cousin shall be free to choose a husband for herself."



"YOUNG MAN, DON'T PLAY WITH FIREARMS."



"Really, Monsieur, you abuse—"

"Couac, firrouit, fuit, brout!—"

"Monsieur, she shall be free."

"Bravo! I have your word. Will you now allow me to retire? By the way, where does your Capdenac live?"

"Number 100, Rue des Deux-Epées."

"I fly thither!—Until we meet again!"

"You are going to throw yourself into the lion's mouth, and he will teach you a lesson you deserve," said Monsieur Bouvard, as Anatole hurried from the bed-chamber and shut the door after him.

Without a moment's hesitation Anatole betook himself to the address of the fire-eating fencer; it was just six o'clock when he arrived there. He rang the door-bell.

"Who is there?" demanded a rough voice behind the door.

"Open!—very important communication from Monsieur Bouvard."

The sounds of a night-chain and the turning of a key in a heavy lock were heard.

"Here is a man who does not forget to protect himself against unwelcome visitors!" remarked Anatole to himself.

The door opened at length. Anatole found himself in the presence of a gentleman with a moustache fiercely upturned, whose night-dress appeared to be the complete costume of the fencing school.

"You see, always ready; it's my motto."

The walls of the swordsman's ante-chamber were completely covered with panoplies of arms of all descriptions; yatagans, poisoned arrows, sabres, rapiers, one and two-handed swords, pistols—a regular arsenal—enough to terrify any timid-minded observer.

"Bah!" thought Anatole, "what do I now risk!—at most two-hours-and-a-half!"

"Monsieur," said Capdenac, "may I be allowed to know—"

"Monsieur," replied Anatole, "you want to marry Mademoiselle Nicette?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Monsieur, you will not marry her!"

"Ah! thunder!—blood! who will prevent me?"

"I shall, Monsieur!"

Capdenac stared at Anatole, who was



not very big, but appeared to be very decided.

"Ah!—young man, you are very lucky to have found me in one of my placable moments. Take advantage of it—save yourself while you have time; otherwise I will not answer for your days!"

"Nor I for yours."

"A challenge!—to me!—Capdenac!—Do you know that I have been a master of the art of fencing for ten years!"

"There's nothing of-fence about me, Monsieur!"

"I have fought twenty duels, and had the misfortune to kill five of my adversaries, besides wounding the fifteen others! Come, I have taken pity on youth!—once more, go away."

"I see, by your preparations, that you are an adversary worthy of me and my long growing desire to confront a man so redoubtable. Let's see! what shall we fight with? Those two double-handed swords standing by the fireplace? Or those two boarding-axes? With cavalry sabres, or would you prefer a pair of curved yatagans? You hesitate: can't you make up your mind?"



"I am thinking of your mother and her coming distress."

"I haven't a mother to be distressed. Would you rather fight with a carbine?—pistol?—or revolver?"

Young man, don't play with fire-arms."

"Are you afraid? You are trembling?"

"Trembling! I? It's with cold."

"Then fight, or at once renounce the hand of Nicette."

"Renounce the hand of Mademoiselle Nicette! By Jove, I admire your bravery! and brave men are made to understand one another. Shall I make a confession to you?"

"Speak!"

"For some time past I have myself had thoughts of breaking off this marriage, but I did not know how to do it. I consent, therefore, with pleasure to do what you wish; but, at the same time you must see that I cannot appear to give way to threats, and you have threatened me."

"I retract them."

"In that case, all is understood."

"You will give me, in writing, your renunciation?"

"Young man, you have so completely won my sympathy that I can refuse you nothing."

Furnished with the precious document, Anatole flew back to the dwelling-place of Monsieur Bovard: he had a considerable distance to walk, and by the time he reached the professor's door it was nearly eight o'clock in the morning.

"Who is there?"

"Anatole."

"Go home, and go to bed!" cried the professor savagely.

"I have got Capdenac's renunciation of Nicette's hand! Open the door, or I will break it down."

Monsieur Bouvard admitted him, and Anatole placed in his hand the momentous paper. That done, he rushed to the door of Nicette's room and cried—

"Cousin, get up, dress yourself quickly and come here!"

"It appears, Monsieur, that I am no longer master of my own home!" ex-

claimed Monsieur Bouvard; "you go and come, and order as you please! To make you understand that I will have nothing more to say to you, I—I will go back to my morning newspaper."

A few minutes later, Nicette appeared, looking fresh as the dawn.

"What is the matter?"

"The matter," said Monsieur Bouvard, "is that your cousin is mad!"

"Mad? So be it!" replied Anatole.

"Last night, my dear little cousin, I obtained two things: the renunciation of your hand by Monsieur Capdenac, and the promise of your worthy guardian to bestow it on the man of your choice—the man you love."

"Do you really wish me to marry Anatole, guardian?"

"Eh?" cried Anatole, his breath nearly taken away.

"Since I love you, cousin!"

At that moment Anatole felt his heart beat violently.

"Unfortunate that I am!" he cried.

"She loves me—I am within reach of happiness, and must die."

Then, taking the hands of Nicette feverishly within his own, he told her all about the letter, the venomous flower and the doctor's prognostication.

"But it is impossible!" cried Nicette.

"This doctor must have mistaken—"

"A man who is never in error, Nicette—Dr. Bardais."

"Bardais! Bardais!" cried Bouvard, bursting into laughter. "Listen to what my newspaper here says: 'The learned Dr. Bardais has been suddenly seized with mental alienation. The madness with which he has been stricken is of a scientific character. It is well known that he was absorbingly engaged in an inquiry into the nature of venomous substances, and latterly he had fallen into the delusion that everybody he met was under the influence of poison, and endeavored to persuade them that such was their condition. He was last night transported to the Maison de Santé of Dr. Blank.'"

"Nicette!"

"Anatole!"

The two young persons fell into each other's arms.

## A ROMANCE OF TWO ROCKING CHAIRS.

BY WM. ARCH. MCCLEAN.



THE two rocking chairs were a curious couple. There was nothing luxurious or handsome about them. On the other hand they were not ugly or ungainly. They were but two ordinary rocking chairs of a species that were comfortable to be sat upon. Resting on them they tempted a lingering acquaintance. Returning to them after parting was with a warm welcome.

Perhaps that which curiously distinguished these two rocking chairs from other rocking chairs was not so much the chairs themselves as those that occupied them. While the chairs were a general invitation to that portion of humanity that knew them, yet they became more or less the special property of two persons. Looking at the smaller walnut chair one was inclined to be reminded of "Her," while the larger oak chair suggested "Him."

The rocking chairs were possessed of certain characteristics, or possibly it may have been their occupants. There was no long sinuous swing, no easy lullaby on their rockers. An impulsive quick rock, or a nervous shaking on the forward end of the rockers distinguished these two rocking chairs.

These rocking chairs had a habit as rocking chairs often have, of traveling about. They made excursions to various parts of the room. The movement of the oak rocking chair was invariably toward the right, while that of the walnut was toward the left.

For many months the accustomed position for these two rocking chairs was within a general range of the sitting-room stove. This was an indication of great sense on their part, for it was winter time. In this position every evening for week after week they had remained, the oak chair being always to the right of the walnut chair.

During this period many moods possessed these chairs. The oak chair most

of the time seemed to be taking it easy, while the walnut chair frequently gave vent to short little nervous rocks. As the weeks flew by there was developed a certain nervous rocking of the oak chair. Sometimes one was still when the other rocked. Occasionally both rocked together.

One evening the oak chair was all in a quiver of a rock. It moved excitedly backward and forward. Opportunely it was pushed toward the walnut chair. Its excitability was conveyed to its mate. Fate was unkind in a demonstration of the traveling habit that evening. The more they rocked the farther apart they went. The rocking was finally given up in despair.

The next evening the rocking was quiet and calm. The two rocking chairs had forgotten their excitement of the previous evening, and rocked away in their usual movements at a respectable distance. In the days and weeks following after this event, the quiet tenor of the way of the rocking chairs was periodically disturbed with outbursts of a rocking excitability. These occurrences were marked with a peculiarity in that the chairs would slowly travel away from each other, whether their occupants would or would not.

One evening of a cold March day something unusual happened. The oak chair was lifted out of its position and placed to the left of its mate. The fingers of fate by this simple device worked a miracle. The noticeable nervousness of the rocking chairs this evening continued to increase, until the rocking almost reached a fever point. The two chairs began to travel, the walnut to the left and the oak to the right as usual.

The position of the chairs having been reversed, they did not travel away from one another. Slowly the chairs came toward each other and met and then—the remainder of the evening the two chairs were practically one, rocking in

unison. When one moved backward or forward, the other accompanied it.

After this, night after night the rocking chairs held their relative positions. There was always a traveling toward each other, a reaching out the one for the other. Invariably sometime during each evening the chairs would come together, and meeting rock in perfect harmony. Their occupants never interposed any objections. There was never any attempt to restore the oak chair to the right of the walnut chair.

Again an unusual event took place.

The rocking ceased, the chairs stood empty for days. Then they were packed up, conveyed a long distance, unpacked and placed in a different room than that in which they had previously been. Almost immediately they began to rock. They moved toward each other, and meeting rocked away in happy glee. If they had had ears they could have heard "Him" of the oak rocking chair say to "Her" of the walnut chair:

"The dear old chairs, they brought us to one another."

Then the chairs rocked on together.

### THE SWALLOWS.

O MOTHER, will the swallows never come?  
 Feel my cheek, 'tis hot and burning,  
 And my heart is sick with yearning,  
 But I'm always well as soon as swallows come.

They brought me in a primrose yesterday,  
 And when the primroses are blowing,  
 Then I know that winter's going.  
 And the swallows cannot then be far away.

Hark, my old thrush in the garden singing clear!  
 How I love his note to follow!  
 But the swallow; O the swallow,  
 Bringing summer with him, summer is most dear.

And the lambs bleat! Could I see them once again,  
 With their innocent, sweet faces,  
 And their friskings, and their races!  
 Once I used—but now I cannot stir for pain.

Mother, lift me, all this side is growing numb;  
 O, how dark the room is! Fold me  
 To your bosom, tighter hold me!  
 Or I shall be gone before the swallows come.

And the swallows came again across the wave;  
 And the sky was soft and tender,  
 With a gleam of rainbow splendor,  
 As they laid their little darling in the grave.

And they often watch the swallows by her tomb;  
 And they strain to think, but straining  
 Cannot still the heart's complaining,  
 "She is better there where swallows never come."

And they carved the bird she loved upon her stone;  
 Joyous guests of summer, darting  
 Hither, thither, then departing  
 In a night, to joys of other worlds unknown.

## ROSE: AN EASTER STORY.

BY MRS. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

**I** STOOD outside, she within the garden-gate, a few steps above me, dressed all in white, with a single pale pink rose fastened in her girdle, and the evening sun kissing her golden hair. A dewy lustre shone in the depths of her eyes, as she looked down upon me, curiously.

"You are uncertain," she suggested after some moments' contemplation.

"Can I direct you?"

"No—Yes," I stammered, slightly confused, for I saw the dawn of a faint smile quivering around her lips. "I am only puzzled."

"At what?" she asked, and the smile broadened and, presently, dimpled her whole face into wondrous beauty.

"Do you live here?" I questioned, laughing, too, though somewhat vexed, for, I felt that I must appear ridiculous.

"Yes, I live here with my mother."

I really felt bewildered now. "This is very strange," I said musingly, and looking around. "For I am sure that this is Dr. Hertford's place."

A shadow fell upon her face as she heard my words, and the expression in her eyes grew serious. "My uncle died two years ago," she said gravely.

I felt stunned. "Dead?" I exclaimed. "Dr. Hertford dead! He was my father's oldest and dearest friend," I added in a voice trembling from the suddenness of this unexpected news.

She opened the gate. "Come in," she said simply and with a quiet dignity that surprised me in one so young. "I am Rose Hertford. Let me introduce you to my mother."

As we walked, side by side, up the long avenue that led to the house, I told her that I had just returned from a twelve years' sojourn in different countries, and that I came here to consult with Dr. Hertford and to ask his advice in some important matter of business."

"Everyone came to him for advice,"

she said; "he lived only to serve others."

"And what became of his sick, of all his poor?" I inquired.

"He left them to me as a sacred legacy. I live amongst them, and to labor for them is my chief occupation and my pleasure."

Thus it happened that I made the acquaintance of Rose and her mother, in whose house I soon became a constant and welcome visitor.

Weeks ago, it had become my habit, and now was my pleasure to accompany Rose on her daily visits of mercy. There amongst her sick and poor, the goodness and nobility of her soul shone forth in perfect splendor, and, as I witnessed her utter forgetfulness of self as she administered to their manifold wants, or listened, with untiring patience, to their tales of woe, or, with loving words, tried to soothe the pains and sorrows of the sick and wretched, my whole heart went down before her and I loved her with all my soul.

"Would she ever come to reciprocate my feelings?" This question I daily asked myself as I walked by her side, watching anxiously for some sign that would allow me to hope; but, I felt that, as yet, thoughts of love, such as agitated my breast, were far from her mind, which was filled only with plans and hopes for the benefit of the poor.

But the happy time came at last. I had stayed late that evening. I could not tear myself away, for a long absence was before me, and I had come to say good-bye. I might not see her again for months, as the matter that called me from her side would need time to be accomplished.

"But you will come back again," she said. "And soon," she added, trying to speak cheerfully.

But I heard the tremor in her voice, as she spoke these words, and my heart gave a leap of joy in spite of the serious-

ness of the moment. It told me that I might hope. "You will go with me as far as the garden-gate, Rose?" I pleaded. "The night is lovely and all the stars are out. Let us be together as long as we can."

And then, while side by side, walking down the garden-path, I told her of my love and of my hopes.

"Come back soon to me," was all she said; "I think I could not live without you."

"Rose, my Rose!" I cried, almost overcome with my great happiness. "Take good care of yourself," I entreated, folding her in a last embrace. "For my sake."

"For our love's sake," she whispered, and I saw a tear gather on her lashes as the moon shone upon us.

I hurried my work as I never before had hurried with anything else, but autumn grew into winter and still I was here, away from Rose. Frequent letters from her told me of what she did and that she thought lovingly of me and, later on she urged me to hasten my work; and I worked all the faster, aiming to be with her.

At last the matter was settled and, an hour later, I was on my homeward way; but it was already the beginning of March and I had left Rose when the air was warm and balmy, now it was raw and cold.

It was late when I arrived at her home. There had been some delay at the station, but Rose expected me for I had sent a letter in advance of me. Therefore, when I reached the house and saw it all in darkness, save a single stream of light that shone from the window of a room, which I knew, was her bed-chamber, a fear of some unknown danger, came over me.

I had been waiting in the parlor for some time, when my anxiously listening ear, at last, heard the sound of descending footsteps—but they were not those of Rose, as I had hoped; Mrs. Hertford entered the room in which I was waiting, feverish with impatience. "Where is Rose?" I cried, before she had time to speak a word of greeting. "Didn't she get my letter?"

"Yes, Rose received it this morning: but why are you so late, Ward? We expected you much earlier." Though Mrs. Hertford tried to speak cheerfully I heard the slight tremor that shook her voice, and I noticed that the smile upon her face was forced.

"Are you hiding something from me?" I asked, my voice trembling in spite of my endeavor to keep it steady. "Is Rose ill?"

A burst of tears that told more than words could have told me, was Mrs. Hertford's answer.

When she had sufficiently recovered herself to explain more fully, I heard that about Christmas-time, Rose had caught a slight cold, which she nursed by staying indoors for a week; but the condition of her poor worried her, and she went to visit some families, who, she said, needed her care and special attention. Coming home from the sick-bed of a child, she was caught in the rain and got thoroughly wet. From that day she had not left the house again, and now, she was in bed.

"But there was nothing of all this in her letters," I said, as soon as I could command my voice.

"No, you were not to be told. Rose said, that the matter you had gone to accomplish needed all your attention and that therefore you should not be worried with news that would disturb your faculties. You know, that is Rose's way, she always considers others before she ever thinks of herself. Now she is asleep, but you will see her to-morrow. She told me to tell you to be early, and that you should try not to be too greatly disappointed at not seeing her this evening."

"Rose is up and anxious to see you," were the words with which Mrs. Hertford greeted me, when I came early the next morning. "But do look cheerful, Ward, the poor child is so happy that you are back," she added in an undertone before opening her door for me.

But how was it possible for me to look cheerful when, all last night, I couldn't close an eye from the dreadful anxiety that consumed my heart?



I found her lying upon a lounge dressed all in white, a pink rose nestling within the soft folds of her gown and the morning sun shining upon her golden hair—as she was when I had looked upon her at our first meeting. But, oh, how white and pale, how thin and wasted! Her glorious eyes shone with an unearthly brilliancy, and like the sharp cut of a knife it went through me, as I looked into their depths.

“Ward, dear Ward!” she cried, with her old, sweet, loving smile radiating her now brightly flushed face. “We are together again, at last, thank God!”

I could not speak. My soul was steeped in tears; in wordless agony I sat before her, devouring her dear face with my eyes.

“Don’t look so sad, love,” she said softly. “I am so thankful that you are here again—and in time,”—she added, gently caressing my hand.

“Rose, oh, Rose, what do you mean?” I exclaimed.

“You know, Ward,” and I saw the tears come into her eyes.

“I cannot bear it. I could not live without you, Rose. You must get well again, for my sake. You will get strong again!”

She shook her head sadly, silently. “My poor;” she said after awhile. “I leave them to you. You know their wants.”

A groan was my only answer.

“What does it matter?” her voice faltered. “It’s only for a little while, then you will come to me. Remember that, always, Ward, and try to look forward to our meeting there.”

“But I want you here. I need you, Rose!” I cried in an agony of despair.

A sad smile upon her face, she looked into my eyes reproachfully, I thought.

That night Rose died. Her spirit left her in a gentle sigh, and I sat at her bedside, holding her cold, lifeless hands between my own. Powerless to think of anything else but of her, crushed by a feeling of utter desolation, I laid my head beside her, wishing, praying to be with her; longing, with my whole soul, that

I might, only for one moment, see her again alive. And, presently, I saw her; standing on a road slightly shadowed, with a puzzled look of wonder upon her countenance.

And, as I gazed, the shadows lessened and a light as if of approaching dawn, slowly enveloped her form. The expression upon her countenance changed into a radiant joy that grew, until her whole face glowed as if from some inward peace and happiness.

Suddenly she turned her head, and, as my eyes followed hers, I noticed, for the first time, divers paths, leading in numerous directions. Some were in darkness, some as if overhung by heavy clouds; others were dimly lit and filled with people, walking. But, in the far off distance, I saw roads of such brightness, that, from them, I turned my eyes, dazed by their light.

Presently, one was coming from one of the darkby-paths; and, stepping swiftly into the light, into the road upon which Rose was standing. His face appeared young and beautiful from the great goodness of its expression. It seemed to me strangely familiar, but why I could not have told. But, when I heard Rose exclaim: “Uncle, dear Uncle!” I knew that it was Doctor Hertford, who now said: “I was sent to meet you.”

“Sent, by whom?” she asked with wonder.

He smiled indulgently. “You will know, by and by,” I heard him say.

“Who are these?” I presently heard her inquire, and saw how her eyes followed some who had passed and smiled upon her. “Do they know me? Do they know that I have—?” she paused, then continued, smiling happily—“died? Oh, how strange;” she added, pensively; “dead there, and alive here, and how beautiful it all is!” she cried jubilantly. “But who are they?” she asked again. “And what are they doing?”

“The work that was given them to do,” he replied gravely.

“Do you think that there will be something here that I can do? I think not,” and she looked wistfully into her companion’s face, and sighed sadly.

"There is work for all," he said, softly.

"What is your work? Here are no sick, no poor," and she smiled happily.

"No sick in body. But, oh, the miseries, the sufferings of their souls," he said, with a voice full of deep compassion, and his eyes turned towards where the shadows were and the darkness.

"Why don't they all come here into the light?" she asked, following his looks, "into this brightness, where it is so much more pleasant?"

"They are the sick, who as yet cannot bear the light. As you would find no pleasure in moving within those shadows, so do they shrink from this brightness we enjoy;" but, he added, with an expression of heavenly hope

upon his countenance, "they will yet come to see clearer, to comprehend fuller."

"I have left my poor in good hands," I heard her say. "If I could go to him and tell him of all I know now, how much easier it would be for him." She looked beseechingly into her companion's face, and I knew she was thinking of me.

He smiled compassionately. "We wish for nothing here," he said. "We patiently wait until we are told what to do and when to do it, knowing that everything happens just how and when it is best."

As he was yet speaking, both gradually faded out of sight.

I heard the ringing of distant bells and I raised my head. It was Easter morning, and the church-bells were ringing.



## WHAT WE WOULD BE.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

WERE I a bird and you a flower,  
A humming-bird I'd be,  
Fair rose of love in Eden-bower,  
Sweet bloom of bliss for me,  
I'd seek your presence every hour,  
A flame of fire so free,  
Your fond and fascinating power,  
My heart's felicity!

## THE CLOVER CLUB.

**I**F it required no profound wisdom to weave, much cleverness has been shown in unravelling the prize puzzle. Indeed, several competitors so nearly reached perfect answers that a little more effort would probably have resulted in a tie between three at least.

The successful competitor for the prize puzzle is Miss Mildred Carter, whose acknowledgment of our cheque we subjoin. EDITORS ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN:—I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of your cheque for thirty (30) dollars in payment of my solution of the prize puzzle offered in your January number. With thanks,

Very truly yours,

MILDRED CARTER,

402 S. Broad St., Phila.

In the New Year's Masquerade Miss Carter leads with twenty-eight correct answers.

Miss Annie Chamberlaine follows with twenty-seven, Mrs. McChesney has twenty-six.

Miss Dithron, Miss I. D. Pass, Miss Campbell, Miss Leggett, and Mrs. Henry Sanborn deserve especial praise, while numbers of others display almost equal industry and information.

In every case the answers are clear and concise, though one person makes the mistake of writing out the legend of Whittington and his apocryphal Cat.

Judging from the numbers who give "Bedab," in the diagonal, we are forgiven the use of a word that had no existence in the English language, and Poe-co-hunt-ass passes muster for Pocahontas with the dozen or more who decipher her autograph.

Various kings are named for 26. Sovereigns who occupied the throne even temporarily, such as Charles VI of France, Henry VI and George III of England are not considered. Edward V and Louis XVII were cut off by death from their rightful inheritance. The little King of Rome had no inherited rights,

no dominion, yet even his Imperial father addressed him as "Sire," the title of royalty.

## ANSWERS TO MASQUERADE PUZZLES.

1. Isabella, wife of Edward II.
2. "White-Horse of Vantage," Berkshire, chalk cliff, England.
3. Andrew Borde, physician to Henry VIII.
4. The ancient fans had long handles, and were used as walking-sticks—also these handles served to punish unruly children.
5. Henry Percy, called "Hotspur," (Henry IV, part I, sect. II, scene III).
6. Saint Dunstan.
7. Mathew of Westminster says it was formerly customary to kiss the Pope's hand, but in the eighth century a woman not only kissed but squeezed it. His Holiness cut off the hand, and has ever since offered his foot for the kiss.
8. Falstaff.
9. Battle of the Herring.
10. In April, 1587, Sir Francis Drake burned and otherwise destroyed 10,000 tons of shipping in the port of Cadiz. This he called "Singeing the King of Spain's beard."
11. 'Sophia Dorothea, wife of George I.
12. Richard Brinsley Sheridan.
13. Mozart.
14. A rack in Tower of London, invented by the Duke of Exeter in the fifteenth century.
15. Adelaide Neilson.
16. Burns.
17. Gemini.
18. Twins.

1. Bedab.
2. Fugue.
3. Hardy.
4. Inane.
5. Ships.

19. "Lady Queen Ann she sits in the sun,  
As fair as a lily as brown as a bun."
20. Philip van Artevelde.
21. The Irish are more apt to give black eyes than to distribute white favors at a festivity. "You have been to an Irish wedding" Nisans, "You have a black eye."
22. Sir James Douglas.
23. Heart of Bruce.
24. Charles V of France, of whom Edward III said: "Never was there French king who wore so little armor, yet never was there one who gave me so much to do."
25. 'A mountebank's boy was compelled to eat toads in order to show his master's skill in expelling poison. The idea is that dependents are forced to do the most nauseous things to please their patrons. 'The Castilians made servants of the captured Moors. Owing to the servile officious manners of the latter they were called "todita," or factotums. Hence our modern word toady or toad-eater.
26. The little King of Rome.
27. Soubriquet of Archibald Douglas.
28. A vessel called a Cat used by Whittington to carry coals from Newcastle to London.
29. Hamlet's Father's Ghost.
30. Pocahontas.

## PI.

Hall chwhi rhe suerled sawit difconeu,  
Lalsh won ym ployju mestlep nibd.  
Fi aws ym veensha textamerts shreep,  
Het leap hiwhc delh ath volley ared.  
A warnoe spanscom, dau tye heret,  
Lewdt lal hastt dogo nad lla tatsh arif.  
Fieg em tub thaw hist bobirn undob,  
Atek lal eth tres het uns sego durno.

The following eliminations are from five letter words. When the proper letters have been removed from all the words, place them one below another in regular order and they will spell the name of an English poet.

1. Take a letter from an animal and leave superior.

2. Remove a letter from under and leave a calamity.
3. Take a letter from a band and get a punishment.
4. Take a letter from a principle and make injury.
5. Take a letter from a grain and leave to sharpen.
6. Behead approaches and leave certain parts of the body.
7. Remove portions of a musical instrument and make a noise.
8. Curtail a tool and leave a model.
9. Take a letter from a coin and leave a care.
10. Behead trees and make a gift.
11. Take a letter out of a vessel and leave a liquid.
12. Curtail a fastener and leave a catcher.
13. Remove a letter from stop and leave a covering.

## NUMERICAL CHARADE.

- 1, 2, 3, 4, may sometimes cause man to get 5, 6, 7.  
But then unless he has them all he'll never get to Heaven.

## ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLES.

"A Composite Portrait." — 'Heel (heal). <sup>2</sup>Palate (palette). <sup>3</sup>Drums and Organs. Liars (lyres) are occasionally presented. <sup>4</sup>Trunk and grip. <sup>5</sup>Joints. <sup>6</sup>Ball of the foot. <sup>7</sup>Shoulder blades. <sup>8</sup>Elbows (ell bows). <sup>9</sup>A crown. <sup>10</sup>Pore (poor). <sup>11</sup>The liver.

"In the Library." — 'Steele. <sup>2</sup>Loud. <sup>3</sup>Longfellow. <sup>4</sup>Stäel (stale !). <sup>5</sup>Suckling. <sup>6</sup>Hawthorne. <sup>7</sup>Dry-den. <sup>8</sup>Crabbe. <sup>9</sup>Shakespeare. <sup>10</sup>Hogg. <sup>11</sup>Home. <sup>12</sup>Wilde. <sup>13</sup>Lowell. <sup>14</sup>Matilda Blind. <sup>15</sup>Swift. <sup>16</sup>Chaucer. <sup>17</sup>Moore. <sup>18</sup>Hood. <sup>19</sup>Harte. <sup>20</sup>Field. <sup>21</sup>Goldsmith. <sup>22</sup>Pope. <sup>23</sup>Clay. <sup>24</sup>Mother Goose. <sup>25</sup>Lamb. <sup>26</sup>Stowe. <sup>27</sup>Hunt. <sup>28</sup>Page. <sup>29</sup>Bacon. <sup>30</sup>Story, <sup>31</sup>Hardy. <sup>32</sup>Young.

Separations. — 'Earth-ling. <sup>2</sup>Am-ice. <sup>3</sup>So-lace. <sup>4</sup>Tap-is. <sup>5</sup>Easter-egg. <sup>6</sup>Ran-sack.



EDITED BY PHEBE WESTCOTT HUMPHREYS.

#### FLORAL HINTS FOR THE EARLY SPRING.

**N**O matter how blustering and cold and generally disagreeable, the month of March may prove to be, the fact that the beauty and brightness and verdure of the springtime is only a few weeks ahead will fill us with enthusiasm—especially those who are interested in floriculture.

Late in March, or very early in April, the crocus, the snowdrops, the daffodils, etc., will begin to peep from the soil and nod their bright blossoms in spite of frosty winds; and as we think of the hyacinths, the tulips, the early blooming shrubs—including the glowing yellow jasmine, the frothy, or golden bell, the brilliant Japan Pudas, japonicas and spireas, and all the beauties which will follow each other in quick succession until we welcome the June roses and the wealth of summer bloom, the time will pass very slowly, unless there is pleasant work to fill up the interval. This work may be found among the flowers no matter how discouraging may be the outlook or how meagre the accommodations.

Even the smallest window garden, comprising, perhaps, only a few geraniums and other plants of easy growth in the sunny kitchen window, can be made to produce a surprising amount of summer bloom if a little thought and time is given it in March.

If there are large plants of different

varieties which have been wintered in the cellar, for want of space in the winter garden, these may now be brought up into the light, even if there is no chance to giving them direct sunlight; and as they are repotted, or given fresh top soil, and the tops cut back to encourage the growth of spreading blooming branches, all cuttings should be started in dishes of moist sand in the sunniest spot in the window. The slips and cuttings may be crowded quite close in the



CROCUS.

sand. Perhaps some of them may fail to root (for the amateur cannot always choose wisely in regard to the cuttings which are in the best condition for preparation) but when the starting leaf buds show that the roots have formed and are taking hold upon the soil, those that have failed may be pulled out, and as soon as the others have started into



growth they should be potted and allowed to grow slowly, without forcing, until it is time to plant them outside.

The subject of starting the seeds of tender annual in the shallow seed pans (giving them warmth and moisture until



TULIPS.

they germinate) of rooting the slips and cuttings from the fuschias, lantanas, hibiscus, and other tender shrubs as they are brought from the winter quarters for blooming, the starting of the summer bulbs to prepare for early flowering, etc., etc., will be looked upon as an old story perhaps, for the increasing quantity of floral literature (which is proving itself a blessing to the country in creating a taste for the beautiful) is sure to make these hints of special interest. But even if they do at last become "an oft repeated tale," there are always eager readers who are becoming interested for the first time in this absorbing work.

Perhaps the most important point in regard to successful culture is the potting of the young plants. No matter how rapidly and sturdily the summer bulbs and the seedlings have started into growth, or how thrifty the slips and cuttings seem since they have taken root and commenced to grow, if they are allowed to remain too long in the seed pan or sand pot, or are potted carelessly, they will be almost sure to fail; or at least make very unsatisfactory plants.

Four things are important in this potting, the choice of suitable soil, perfect drainage, clean pots, and pots of the proper size. The seedlings should be potted soon after the second leaver appear. If they are allowed to remain in

the seed pan too long, they will make weak, spindling growth. But when transplanted early they will make sturdy, spreading plants, and with successive shiftings into larger pots as required, they will begin to bloom very early. The smallest sized thumb pots will be the most satisfactory for the seedlings, and the smallest of the rooted cuttings; and they may remain in these until the pots are filled with roots, when they should be set in a pot one size larger, and fresh soil filled in about the ball of roots which has been turned from the thumb pot, disturbing the roots as little as possible. It may be necessary to shift into larger pots again before the weather becomes warm enough to set them in their permanent quarters in the open ground; but it will pay to take this trouble, and after becoming accustomed to it the work is quickly and easily accomplished, even when there are quantities of plants to repot.

There is, doubtless, too much stress laid upon the importance of suitable soil, and the amateur will probably become discouraged at the thought of obtaining the certain kind of sand which may be recommended, the leaf mould, the loamy soil, or the clay, and all the other sorts usually considered so very



IVY-LEAVED GARANIUM.

necessary. The real truth of the matter is that any good fertile garden soil that will grow plants successfully outside, will be quite as good for the window garden culture. The addition of a little sand or leaf mold, if it can be obtained, or



CALCEOLARIA.

of street sweepings for those who live in the city, or anything of the sort that will make the soil light and porous, is desirable for potting the young plants with tender roots. But in choosing the potting soil in March, the suitable soil (no matter whether it is plain garden soil, or that which has been prepared for the purpose) is the dry and mellow soil.

The experienced flower grower is sure to provide this in the fall; and with a box of dry rich soil, another of leaf mold, and still another of sand, stored in the cellar or under the greenhouse benches, there is always a good supply for all potting or repotting that will demand attention during the winter and early spring. It will be anything but pleasant to go out and dig the necessary soil from the frosty ground, and if a pleasant day is chosen for this work, in all probability the soil will be damp and soggy from the spring thaws. Tender seedlings potted in this will be sure to fail; for the soil, when worked while wet, will become packed and hard about the rootlets when it begins to dry, and they will have no chance to grow and form new roots.

If it is necessary to use this objectionable soil, have it thoroughly dried and sifted; in fact, it is better to sift any soil for the seedlings, no matter how fine and porous it may seem, for the delicate roots will require a fine mellow bed in which to throw out their tender shoots. Press the soil firmly about the roots after planting, then water thoroughly, being

sure that the drainage is good, so that there will be no danger of the soil retaining the moisture and becoming sour.

Charcoal is, perhaps, the best material to use for drainage in these small pots, although other substances are often recommended. Break the lump of charcoal and place a layer over the hole in the bottom of the pot to keep the soil from sifting down and filling the cavity; and small particles of the charcoal mixed with the soil will help to drain it, and at the same time make it more porous.

Pots that have been used before should be washed, both inside and out. This is important not only for the small pots in which the seedlings are planted, but in all potting and repotting. And all the plants in the window garden will do better if the pots are occasionally washed off with a damp cloth; as, when thoroughly clean, the evaporation of moisture will take place freely through the porous sides. When new pots are used it is a good plan to soak them for some time in a bucket of water before using; otherwise the moisture will be absorbed too rapidly, leaving the soil dry, when it is supposed to be sufficiently moist from recent watering.

For those who have not the time or the opportunity to raise the young plants from seed in the garden window, they may be quite as successfully grown in a hot bed or cold frame outside; and it will be an easy matter to construct these



CARNATION.

small affairs from second-hand window sashes, if nothing larger or more elaborate is desired. Seeds that are planted in these may be allowed to grow slowly after germinating, until it is time to transplant them in their permanent beds,



TRADESCANTIA.

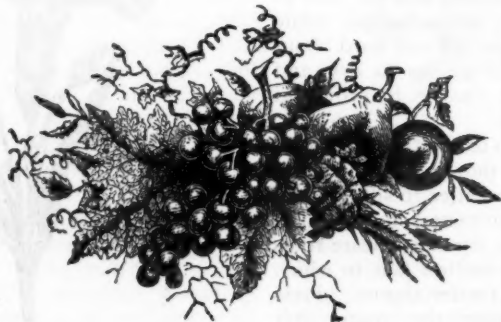
when the weather becomes warm and settled. All frost should be excluded from these beds on cold nights, and plenty of fresh air admitted on warm days, as the young plants will be scorched if the sash remains closed with the hot rays of the sun pouring directly upon it, during the last of March and early in April.

In starting the hanging baskets for summer display (and this should receive attention early in March, if they are to make a good display when hung outside) secure deep baskets or hanging pots if possible, as the usual shallow baskets dry out very quickly, and fail to give satisfaction. The many beautiful varieties of summer blooming oxalis, of recent introduction, are fine for growing in this manner, and the ivy-leaved geraniums

also prove desirable, and the beautiful variegated trailing plants of different varieties, should be included with the bloomers. The well-known tradescantia, the beautiful little Mexican plant—*peperomia*—and others of this class will grow rapidly, and soon make a fine display.

The shrubby varieties of *calceolaria* may be propagated by cuttings started early in March, but if these beautiful little plants are not included in the window garden collection, both the shrubby and the herbaceous varieties may be started from seed, and treated like the other seedlings until time for planting outside.

Carnations intended for winter blooming should be started very early in the spring, forming fine plants by the time they are taken outside; they may be allowed to grow in the open ground during the summer, but it will be well to pot them quite early in the fall, sinking the pots in the ground until it is time to take them inside, and the blooming will be abundant during the following winter. Many other plants intended for next winter's bloom will require attention this month; the early start will give them an opportunity to make thrifty growth before they encounter the hot mid-summer suns, and by keeping the buds picked off until time to take them inside, they will be ready for constant blooming from fall until spring.



## THE SPIRITS OF POCUS PLACE.

BY MISS KENT.

### CHAPTER IV.

Paralie felt faint as she stole from the sick-room over to the other house. She was glad to sink into a chair and sit still, trembling, yet exultant, longing, yet dreading to see Calderon. Would he be all bruised up? Eyes blacked and bleeding? so that every one would know immediately that Paralie Orchard had stirred up a fight between Babe Elton and the 'teacher?'

What trouble might not result to Calderon, if anyone chose to have both combatants arrested, or what if Black-feet Babe sought a revenge by the use of knife or pistol?

Miserable, indeed, Paralie was, realizing that all this might have been avoided had she listened to Calderon's warning; a warning always echoed by her own taste and judgment. She had to confess to herself that it was vanity of a kind most unbecoming to a lady which had led her to encourage Babe because she believed Calderon jealous of him; while she tormented Babe by attention to Calderon's least word in the school-room.

She was well punished, though—she had been insulted, and a gentleman had been compelled to stoop and take her name out of the dirt into which she had cast it.

Calderon came in, before long, looking as usual; he had been able to protect his face, and whatever damage his dress had suffered was hidden by his overcoat.

"Miss Orchard," he said, coming up to Paralie, who flushed and paled alternately, when she saw him, "you cannot go home behind that team of Elton's—so I've borrowed a buggy and put my horse to it—and I will take you home if you've no objections."

He brought her wraps and they were soon in the buggy, driving homeward. Both were silent; Paralie's newly acquired sense of the difference between being under the protection of a gentle-

man, and being at the mercy of a boor, gave her food for uncomfortable reflection, and she was not cheered by Calderon's uncommunicative mood—what was he thinking? Possibly, his cooler, second thought was condemning the chivalrous anger which had impelled him to fight about a girl whose headstrong vanity had brought her name into vulgar mouths; and, who, for all that he knew would straightway make herself again their theme.

Or else, he thought the whole affair a nuisance, and mentally disdained the person who could find pleasure in society so contrary to his tastes and habits, though he felt in duty bound to look after her when she was left uncared for.

It was inspiring indeed for Paralie to be under such obligations to Calderon and to imagine him thinking thus of her; she realized the truth of his saying that the loss of self-complacency was a sort of excitement not to be desired.

She expected every moment that he would speak of Babe, and of the fight; he always told her everything; and thus called on to acknowledge her obligation to him, she would be at a disadvantage with him.

But Calderon's magnanimity proved equal to the occasion; he made not the remotest allusion to the fight, and Miss Orchard's uneasiness gradually gave place to the mortifying conviction that he did not think her thanks worth having.

She was glad to be at home, and with the sympathetic Nora, whom she astounded and excited by a graphic account of all that had happened.

She dreaded the next day—but happily, her apprehensions of becoming the township talk proved groundless. Babe Elton, thoroughly whipped in a fair fight, neither dared nor cared to talk about it, and some other well-deserved judgments descending upon him at the same time, he suddenly departed on a visit to his cousins of the "Nation."

Thus, Calderon, if he had regarded Babe as a rival, killed two birds with one stone; forced his antagonist from the field, and rid his school of a most troublesome pupil. Halcyon days rewarded his labors; the school fell into that unvarying routine so helpful to the teacher; candy-breakings ceased; and at Pocus Place, Paralie, unable openly to express gratitude, took comfort in being his ministering spirit—saw that his breakfast was served in time, that his luncheons were excellent; that his room was always in order, and the student lamp always freshly trimmed for his nightly use.

These ministrations she would fain have accomplished invisibly—though hitherto, not averse to being seen—but Calderon's observations long trained to keep alert, did not slumber with respect to her; he could scarcely fail to note that everything especially pertaining to his comfort was her self-assumed charge.

The rest of the housework she left to Nora and to her mother, devoting much time to study, and interesting Calderon greatly by her rapid progress.

One day, after school, Calderon told Paralie that he was going to Mrs. Brummet's to stay all night. "John Brummet is sick," he said, "and I am going to sit up with him."

"I wouldn't, were I you," said Paralie, feeling uneasy over the Brummet connection with Babe Elton. "There'll be dozens of others there, all better able than you to spare sleep."

"No doubt there will be a crowd of boys there," said Calderon, "but they will leave as soon as they begin to feel sleepy, and Mrs. Brummet is worn out with watching."

"Are the Brummetts as friendly toward you as they were before—" she stopped, much embarrassed by the sudden remembrance that Calderon had never said a word to her about his quarrel with Babe.

"Before what?" Calderon asked.

"Before you had that quarrel with Babe Elton," she said, coloring.

Calderon, too, colored, and looked thoroughly surprised. "They are not in the least less friendly," he said. "They cannot afford to take up all of Elton's

quarrels. Who told you about my quarrel with him?"

"Never you mind," said Paralie, very anxious to conceal that she had been, at least, an ear witness of the fight; a fact which seemed to her almost as disgraceful as actual participation.

"Babe told you, perhaps," said Calderon, determined to find out what she knew.

"I never saw Babe after the night of the runaway," said Paralie, much mortified.

"Did he try to break your neck, because he found you determined to break his heart?"

"No," said Paralie, "he tried his best to stop the horses."

"You never knew what started the horses?" asked Calderon.

"They started because I whipped them as hard as I could."

"You reckless girl!" exclaimed Calderon, "you might have been killed! Upon my word, you ought never to be allowed to go a step without some one of your natural guardians along."

"I thank my stars that you are not one of my natural guardians!" she said; then, with a defiant smile, she added: "Nor am I a bit more reckless than you, sir! What but anger induced you to fight with Babe Elton about nothing?" Calderon reddened slightly.

"Do you know, then, what I fought about?" he asked.

"I know exactly. And though it was just like you to take it up, 'twould have been much, much more prudent and proper for you to let it pass, but I am glad of the chance to thank you. I ought to have done so before, but I felt too much ashamed. I was to blame for it all."

"Oh, no!" said Calderon, but Paralie continued:

"However, you must not say: 'I told you so!' I've been dreading that!"

"I wish that we did not part here," said Calderon, for they had reached the road where he was to turn off to go to Brummetts'.

"Good-bye," she said, holding out her hand.



It was a lovely, little white hand, and what few marks of toil it bore, had been incurred for his sake—so Calderon bowed his head and kissed it.

Paralie blushed deeply, but before she could withdraw her hand, she, and Calderon too, was startled by a long striped creature which slid rustling past them, transfixing them with a beady stare from under a sunbonnet—it was Melcena.

## CHAPTER V.

THE next day was Saturday. Early in the morning, Mr. Orchard received a note from Calderon, stating that the latter had gone to the office, and found there a letter which summoned him home on business; that he had obtained the directors' permission to dismiss school for two weeks, so would be away for that length of time.

"We shall miss him, sha'n't we?" said Nora to Paralie.

"Yes, we shall," replied Paralie.

"Still 'tis 'tol'able much' of a relief to have no outsider here," said Nora. "We could not have had a nicer boarder than Mr. Calderon, but any boarder is a nuisance."

These words revealed to Paralie a surprising difference between her view and Nora's view of Calderon's residence in their home.

"One feels free to be as lazy as one likes," she said, sinking into a lounging-chair, and reaching out languidly for one of Calderon's magazines.

Nora followed suit, so quickly that she got the magazine.

"Well!" said Paralie, laughing, "now you'll have to read aloud, which will save me the trouble of doing anything."

"Talk about being free to be lazy!" said Nora. "You can't possibly be lazier than you already are."

Paralie leaned back in her chair, and gazed out of the window as if well content to be entertained by her thoughts. But only for a few minutes; then she said suddenly:

"Nora! Yonder comes Melcena Jones!"

"Oh! the serpent!" said Nora.

"I don't see what brings that creature here," said Paralie, angrily. "We never visit her!"

"You visited her, at first," said Nora. "And though you've recently gone back on your theory about making the best of your neighbors, you'll have to try it once more with Melcena—I'm going to wash the dishes."

When admitted by Paralie, Melcena took a good stare into the dining-room. "Howdy, Nora," she said. "Haint you got your dishes washed up, yit? I's goin' on ten o'clock."

"What of that?" said Paralie, haughtily, frowning at the impertinent questioner.

"Nothing," said Melcena, snickering. "It jes' made me think o' sumpin Mis Brummet said about you all last night, ter me 'n' Cla'ence."

Paralie did not ask another question, but Melcena seemed to need no encouragement.

"Mis Brummet jes went on redic'lous about you, Paralie, you ought o' heerd her! It made me plum mad—right befo' Cla'ence. She said all you Orchards wuz ez lazy ez the law allows, but Paralie wuz the laziest one uv the whole kit 'n' posse. Said you jes' went to school to git out o' helpin' at home 'n' she didn' know whut you would ha' done ef ther' wusn't a man teacher ter draw you ter school. She 'lowed 't would look a heap better in you ter quit runnin' after the boys 'n' take some o' the work off yore pore, little puny ma."

Paralie kept silence.

"'N' then she commenced a warnin' Cla'ence ag'inst you. She 'lowed she pitied the pore man that got tuk in by Paralie Orchard, fer he'd have ter live on hard tack 'n' rusty bacon 'n' cook that hisself. 'N' she said you wus so headstrong that nobody couldn' do nothin' with ye. Cla'ence he jes' laffed 'n' said she neenter worry, says he: 'I kin do anything I please with Paralie.'"

Melcena paused, for her last sentence had brought a bright flush of anger to Paralie's face; still the latter kept silence, and preserved a show of indifference otherwise. Finding herself neither ques-

tioned nor applauded for her tale-bearing, Melcena changed the subject, and soon showed an ophidian anxiety to get out into the sunshine.

When Melcena was gone, Paralie still sat motionless, leaning back in her chair. The dangerous light in her eyes told of the storm within, as did the slight dilation of her delicate nostrils, and the compression of her lips.

It was not long before she arose and went to a writing table which stood near, seated herself, and rapidly penned a letter to Clarence Calderon. This letter she daintily enveloped, addressed and sealed, and then took it out to where Benjie was chopping wood in the back-yard.

"Benjie," she said, "I want you to take this letter to the office, immediately."

"I've got to cut some wood," said Benjie.

"You've enough chopped," said Paralie. "I'll give you a nickel if you will get this to the office in time for the western mail."

"All right. Plank her down," said Benjie.

Paralie paid the promised coin, and Benjie, taking the letter, sped off across the prairie like a young roe.

For awhile Paralie watched him as he swiftly followed the windings of the foot-paths in the emerald fields far-stretching to the east; then she went in, threw her long scarlet-lined cloak around her, and went through the yard gate to the woods on the west of the place.

She went rather deep into these woods, until she descended into a narrow ravine, between two steep hills. This ravine was dry and filled with drifts of dead leaves which made soft cushions on its stony bed.

Here Paralie threw herself down, and, for awhile, looked steadfastly at the sky. But the day was clear, and the glorious azure overhead was too bright for her; besides, in that sheltered spot, the sun more than coaxed the traveller to lay aside his cloak. Paralie, rising, took hers and made a bed of it, then again composed herself to "think it all over."

She would never speak to him again! And she had told him what she thought

of him! Strong consolations these, "especially to women." But Paralie was conscious of a wound which dulled her anger, while it edged her pride; a pain which she had never felt before, and would not now acknowledge to herself, though it forced her to lay aside vanity and coquetry and to take a good look at herself in that terrible mirror: As-others see-me.

Look, said conscience, at yourself, your skin-deep mask of beauty, and see if there is much about you that is calculated to excite respect and admiration. What are you abroad, but a vain, giddy girl, reckless and heedless—making mortification for yourself and trouble for others? And at home, where—somebody—has had opportunities to observe you; what is your record there? Are you not lazy? the laziest of all the lazy Orchards? And selfish? Yes, selfish too. Many and many a time she had gone to school when she knew that her help was sorely needed at home; often dreamed or jested away hours which should have been devoted to saving others from too much toil.

Paralie had a loving heart, and it suffered a sharp pang now as she thought of her delicate little mother, to whose small hands fell so heavy a share of the household labor. No wonder that the neighbors talked! No wonder that they blamed her chiefly, for she had several times the strength, the energy, and the will of her mother; besides a gift of seeing the best and quickest way to do things.

And since she sat idle or amused herself while things were thus neglected at home, had she any right to the respect of others? Need she be surprised to know that she was mentioned slightly?

No doubt, every nice housekeeper in the neighborhood, like Mrs. Brummet, used the Orchards as a foil to her neatness; and how could Calderon, even if he cared, contradict the talk of women, especially as they told the truth?

He was a man who observed and valued good housekeeping, but even had he wished to defend the Orchards, Paralie felt, with deep mortification, that he would have undertaken a bad case.

No! listening to Mrs. Brummet's talk was not the head and front of his offending! Paralie could excuse him for that—but to dare to declare himself her master!—Paralie mentally paralyzed by anger, viciously threw stones at the trees whose serried ranks guarded her hiding-place. The trees were unable to dodge, but the feminine inability to hit anything saved them from serious damage.

For a long time Paralie lay there, a prey to anger, mortification, and disappointment.

Anger at Calderon, mortification from Mrs. Brummet; but had she been asked in whom or what she was disappointed, she would no more have given a candid answer than if deaf to the voice of conscience, blind to the mirror of truth.

Paralie, though, was neither blind nor deaf that morning, to any upbraiding mentor; rather, she was too hard on herself. Thoughtlessness, the thoughtlessness of beautiful, much indulged girlhood, was chiefly responsible for her shortcomings; she was not selfish by nature, nor lazy except from habit.

She made many resolutions before she arose, and wrapping her cloak around her, started on her homeward walk. She was glad enough of her cloak now; particularly, upon leaving the ravine; the sky was overcast, and a chill, disagreeable wind was blowing from the north-east.

When she reached home, she took off her cloak, built a cheerful fire in the parlor, dusted and arranged that apartment, put a vase of daffodils and a pot of sweet violets on a little table to which she wheeled an easy chair and footstool; placed there to 'The late Mrs. Null'—then went to the kitchen, where she knew she would find her mother.

"Yes!" she said addressing her parent, who was peeling potatoes. "Here you are, in the kitchen, as usual, though you never did look fit for any place but a parlor. Now mamma!" giving Mrs. Orchard a fervent hug and kiss, "I, myself, mean to cook this dinner. I've made a fire in the parlor, and I want you to go in there and hold a séance with the 'Late Mrs. Null.'"

Mrs. Orchard laughed, and after a few protests, complied, thinking as she did so that a mother whose children were so lively and so loving had much to rejoice in.

"What did Melcena have to say?" asked Nora, as soon as she found herself alone with Paralie.

"I've just been longing for a chance to tell you!" said Paralie. "I know you will be awfully well-pleased when you hear it."

Nora said "Aw!" with many different inflections as the recital progressed, and when she had heard the whole story, was as angry, almost as Paralie. But lacking some of Paralie's reasons for resentment, she was cooler, and one of her first questions was: "Do you reckon they did say all that?"

"I don't doubt it," said Paralie. Mrs. Brummet is not above calling attention to her own nice house-keeping by contrasting it with that of other women; and I think she has always suspected me of bringing punishment on to her precious nephew."

"But Mr. Calderon?" said Nora. "I don't believe he would listen, much less say that about you."

"I just wish he would try his power over me! But I fancy he won't," she added, conscious that her letter—which she did not mention to Nora—was calculated to check the career of even Calderon's presumption.

Paralie found it impossible to tell Nora about the letter, for Benjie came in just then, announcing; "I got there, don't you forget it!"

"Did you?" said Paralie. "Well, now go attend to the fire in the dining-room so that the boys need not come in here to warm, and I'll make the nickel a dime."

Benjie went, willingly, and Paralie said to Nora:

"One thing is certain—we must turn over a new leaf in this house—I meant, all along, to do so; the misery of it now is, that Melcena and Mrs. Brummet and Clarence Calderon will take the credit of it to themselves, for I know that Melcena will pace off and tell them what she has told me."

Nora said she did not believe Melcena would dare do any such thing, but Paralie said that Melcena was quite capable of it, though she would probaby vary her version for them.

"If you doubt her veracity, you should give them the benefit of the doubt," said Nora, and echo answered 'Doubt' in Paralie's vexed heart.

She turned again to the theme of her intended domestic service reform.

"We shall have the house to ourselves, for, at least, two weeks, I'm thankful to say; and we must clean it up from top to bottom—and then we must keep it clean. You and I and Lily can surely manage without much help from mamma. I mean to do most of the cooking myself, and I'll see that that is improved, too.

"I wonder where you'll get the things to do all your cooking with," said Nora. "Pa is awfully hard up, you know."

"I shall take the money that Uncle Ben sent me Christmas," said Paralie. "I was saving it to get me a new black dress—but I will not go into mourning just now, I believe."

She had the gift of working while she talked, so that when the 'boys' came in cold, cross, hungry, and dirty from ploughing under protest for oats, they were agreeably surprised by finding cheerful fires, plenty of water ready for ablutions, and a good dinner in process of being served.

After the meal was over, Paralie sought an opportunity, and used effective means to reconcile her brother Carl to herself; seeming suddenly anxious to draw within her circle all the spirits akin to her; she realized the need of believing mediums to aid her in banning the baneful bogies Discord and Disorder, Sloth and Selfishness which haunted heart and hearth in Pocus Place.

She threw herself into the task of exorcising these goblins with all the energy of a strong young spirit seeking to soothe civil strife by leading all the forces against a foreign foe.

Not only the tables, but also all the other furniture of Pocus Place flew about as if possessed, during the two weeks of Calderon's absence; and one after an-

other of its rooms wore, temporarily, the look of having come under the spell of some magician's apprentice with his uncontrollable broom.

Mrs. Orchard, not allowed to help except with advice and authority, had enjoyed a delightful rest, spending much time outdoors, pruning the shrubs and roses in the yard, and diversifying its soft green turf with variously shaped flower beds.

By the end of the fortnight, the house was really transformed. Pride and constant activity had enabled Paralie to keep up a show of good spirits so far, but now, with her occupation gone, and Calderon about to come she was most unhappy.

She began to fear, more and more, that the letter which she had written him, was a piece of pure injustice; in that case, it was also a piece of unbounded insolence, or dark ingratitude.

She could not bear the thought—and Sunday evening, when Calderon was looked for, she came down dressed to go out.

"Whither away?" asked Nora.

"Carl and I are going to meeting," Paralie replied.

"You are going to get wet, rather," said Nora, but Paralie would not give up the intention, and Carl accompanied her.

The church was about two miles distant, and they had not gone more than one mile before it began to rain, but the school-house was close at hand and thither they directed their steps, hoping that the rain would be but a vernal shower. The school-house, fortunately for them, was devoid of bolts and bars; they entered and groped their way to a seat.

Paralie was very familiar with that interior, and it was so associated with Calderon's presence, in her mind, that she suffered from an uncanny feeling that he was there then, "though the dark hid everything."

His image rose before her, "in vision clear," and she felt a great impatience because she could not courageously face even an imaginary Mr. Calderon—how

was she to meet him materialized, to-morrow?

"Some one else is coming in here," said Carl, warned by the sound of voices that two persons were hurriedly approaching.

"It's Melcena Jones and Dicky Davis," Carl added.

"Now, let's keep dark, Paralie. I don't want to have anything to say to them."

"Nor I," said Paralie.

Melcena and Dick entered, and continued their conversation without a suspicion of the presence of others.

Dick was rallying Melcena on the desertion of her "fellow" Babe Elton, and Melcena was denying the soft impeachment.

"Wusn't no fellow o' mine!" she declared. "I never had no use fur him after he took up with that stuck-up Paralie Orchard."

Paralie, amused by the prompt verification of the proverb about listeners, squeezed her brother's arm, admonishing him to suppress his contemptuous sniffs.

"Pore soul! He got the mitten, 'n' he might ha' knowed he would," continued Melcena, with ironical pity.

"That there Paralie Orchard is so biggity, that she thinks they ain't nobody good enough fur her 'round here. I made her hoppin' mad t'other day. Told her Clarence said he could do what he pleased with her."

Melcena laughed maliciously.

"'N' did Cla'ence say that?" asked Dicky.

"Naw! Never said nare such word. Ketch him sayin' anything about her! He's stuck on her," said Melcena, contemptuously, adding pleasantly: "I jes told her that ter pleg her. Uv course, I told her afterwards that I wus jes a jokin'."

For some moments Paralie felt as if she must fling herself upon the malicious, lying creature and crush the spiteful life out of her. But, after all, which was more despicable—to be such as Melcena, or to be Melcena's dupe?

Had she, Paralie, any more right to believe Melcena's lie on Calderon, than

Melcena had to tell it? No! ah, no! She should have been the last one to believe it, for she knew that had she been accused in his hearing of anything unbecoming, he would either have found means to silence the accuser, or he would have done her the justice of not noticing the accusation.

Yet, she felt, miserably, a sort of relief; a pleasure in having Calderon's chivalry vindicated even at the expense of her justice, even though it brought the desolating conviction that she had done enough to estrange him forever.

She heard no more of Melcena and Dick; did not even know that they had left the school-house, until Carl startled her by asking aloud: "Did she tell you that?"

"Yes," said Paralie, faintly.

"Isn't she the most unmitigated liar you ever saw? Wonder if she thought you'd believe it?"

Paralie did not reply, and they too left the school-house, deciding to return home while the rain held up.

They retraced their steps rapidly, and in silence; reaching home before a second shower.

Nora met them in the hall, and took Paralie aside, mysteriously.

"Has he—has Mr. Calderon come?" asked Paralie, in a low voice.

"Without or fraud or—" here Nora was impatiently pushed away by her sister who began to run upstairs. But was arrested by Nora's seizing hold of her dress.

"Let me tell you something!" said Nora. "He has come back as rich as Croesus."

"As rich as Croesus?" Paralie echoed.

"Yes. The letter that called him home was about his uncle who died and left him millions of dollars."

Paralie said nothing, and Nora added: "You must come right in and congratulate him."

"Yes! I will!" said Paralie, with a laugh of bitter irony. She pulled her dress away from Nora, ran upstairs to her room, shut and locked the door, and kneeling down beside the bed, hid her face, shedding the bitterest tears that she had ever wept.



It was her purpose to see Calderon, and to ask his pardon that very night. For it might be that he would leave them to-morrow, and he must not go without having heard her acknowledge her grievous guilt. Her pride lay low in the dust; but even there, it writhed at the prospect before it.

She sat and waited. Nora came up, and finding her decidedly disposed to silence, went to bed and to sleep.

The others of the family, too, excused themselves, and left Calderon alone in the parlor; he was always the last to retire.

He was sitting there gazing into the fire, which the damp night made very pleasant, when a fragrance of fresh violets was breathed about him, and he was startled by a low voice, saying: "Mr. Calderon."

He looked around, and seeing Paralie, he rose and bowed, saying: "Good-evening, Miss Orchard."

Paralie looked piteous at the strangeness of his salutation, it was equal to a signal of battle, and she hastened to call a truce, if possible.

"Mr. Calderon," she said, "I suppose that you received a letter which I wrote you?"

"I did receive it," said Calderon, gravely.

"I've come," said Paralie, blushing painfully, "to ask your pardon for having written you so, I learned this evening that you were misrepresented to me—but I feel that that's no excuse for my outrageous letter."

"I'm afraid," said Calderon, "that that letter was only the out-come of a contempt you've always cherished toward me."

"Oh, how can you say that?" murmured Paralie, miserably. "Mr. Calderon, no one could be more sensible than I of the injustice, the ingratitude, the insolence of that letter."

"I should like to know what induced you to write it," said Calderon.

This called for the worst part of Paralie's confession, she felt ready to sink from shame.

"If I must tell you that I listened to

Melcena Jones," she said, "I need not expect forgiveness."

"You ought to know 'what to expect from a Yankee,'" said Calderon.

Paralie paled under this severe punishment, but she managed to say: "I know I'm to blame that he shows less than his usual generosity," and then overcome by the remembrance of what she had written, she hid her face in her hands.

But Calderon came and cruelly deprived her of even that small screen, by taking her hands in his own.

"Paralie," he said, "you need some one to keep these naughty, little hands out of mischief. Will you give them to me?"

"No," said Paralie, decidedly.

Calderon flushed; he could not conceal that the refusal was unexpected.

"I supposed that, after all, you must care something for me, else you would not have come to me so," he said, reproachfully.

"I had to risk you thinking that," said Paralie, her cheeks scarlet, "but, I I didn't suppose you would say it, Mr. Calderon."

She hung her head, despairingly, and Calderon continued:

"I've made another of my 'insolent mistakes' it seems. Of course, you think of me as you wrote of me—"

"I don't! You know that I don't!" cried Paralie.

"That I'm self-conceited, stupid, not fit to be your friend, even—"

Here his merciless allusions were interrupted by Paralie—she bent and kissed his hand.

Yet, when he would have taken her in his arms, she pushed him back, saying: "It's pardon I want, not pity!"

"You'll want pity before you get it, from me!" said Calderon, incensed. "Paralie, what I want is the truth. Do you love me?"

Paralie had to choose between two miseries; either to confess her real feeling, or to let Calderon take the letter as an index of her heart; she had armed him cap-a-pie against herself.

"Yes," she said, giving him the glance of a captive eagle.

"Yet you won't give me so much as a look of kindness," said Calderon. "After making me miserable with that letter, which spoiled all the pleasure of my new prospects."

Paralie felt that she could not bear another allusion to that letter.

"If you've a spark of pity about you," she said, looking up quickly, but her almost tearful earnestness disappeared at sight of the laugh in Calderon's eyes—she sought to escape, but he took her, and kissed her, laughing.

"Won't a whole furnace of pity's kin do as well as a spark of pity?" he inquired.

"Let me go!" said Paralie. "You don't care for me—you are just laughing at me!"

"Darling, I'm afraid to let you go—you might write to me!"

His tone compelled her to laugh, and again subdued by the thought of her epistolary treason, she let him take possession, and triumph as he pleased.

"If you can laugh at me, you must have forgiven me," she said meekly.

"I've nothing to forgive," said Calderon. "That letter was a great piece of luck for me. But for it, you'd kept me sighing at your feet for the next six months—or always."

"What have you done with it?" asked Paralie, suddenly.

"It is safe under the precious, little head that composed it."

Paralie, coloring hotly, quickly raised her head from his breast.

"Why do you keep the disgraceful thing?" she said. "Give it to me?"

"What! Give up the first letter my sweetheart wrote me?"

But Paralie could not bear his teasing, she told him so with such a threat of tears in her face, that he hastily delivered up the famous letter and she flung it into the fire with as much loathing as if she felt the trail of the serpent upon it.

"You are as good as you can be," she said. "Promise me, now, to forget it."

"Willingly," as Iphigenia said about the song of the fury."

"What shall I do with you?" sighed

Paralie. "If I'm a fury, you're a Fate, Clarence—you'll be the death of me."

"It certainly won't be my fault if Miss Orchard exists much longer."

But Paralie's words had turned her thoughts backward, to the night of her successful seance—she felt almost a superstition, as she realized that it had all passed from jest to earnest; but she was profoundly content with her "fate," happier, she felt, than she deserved to be.

Calderon told her of his prospects, and she congratulated him saying: "You never liked to teach. Now you can do what you please."

"It seems too good to be true," said Calderon, "that I can do what I please with you, dearest."

Paralie was overwhelmed by the generous meaning which he unconsciously gave to the very words that had brought down her undeserved wrath upon him, but she could only resolve in silence to be just toward him thereafter.

They became so absorbed in each other, and in their mutually bright future, that the clock was obliged to sound its highest number of strokes to recall them to the present.

"You will be late at school, to-morrow!" said Paralie, archly.

"I shall mark you for it," Calderon answered.

In May, when roses and honey-suckles, grape-vines and jasmine made Pocus Place look like a fairy's bower, Paralie became Calderon's bride.

As the happy pair now had but a "single thought," Melcena was not invited to the wedding.

Pocus Place was one of Calderon's presents to his bride, and the care of debt was lifted from her parents' minds.

Calderon and Paralie went to travel, taking Nora with them. They were very happy since Paralie had learned not to meddle with those fiendish familiars, Pride and Passion. And if ever she was tempted to invoke them, the "master-spirit" had only to whistle: "Write me a letter, love! Send me a letter, love!" whereupon mirth and meekness banished frowns from her brow.

## "MAMMY" AND THE CYCLONE.

ELEANOR HARRIS.



ISTIS, I tell you pintedly somethin' is gwine to happen. De good book tells us dat dere is a time fur all things, and mind what dis ole oman say, dis ain't no time for frolickin'."

The occasion for this ominous outburst from our excellent old colored cook was my mother's announcing to her, her intention of giving a party, or as it was called in those days, a housewarming.

"Why Mammy, said mother, what makes you think this no time for enjoyment?"

"For three nights han' runnin' Mistis I see de jack-my-lanterns gwine up an' down de aige ob de woods an' long de banks ob de creek, an' night befo' las' Cynthy she see 'em; dat is Cynthy say she see 'em, but you jes can't place no 'pendence pun what dese yaller niggahs say. Den las' night de ole brindle cat come an' stan' out dah befo' de do' an' yowl an' yowl an' flash hits eyes like de ole harry-scratch heself, an' Mistis, dese is turrible signs."

It was useless to reason or remonstrate with her, as mother had found out long ago, for Mammy's faith in sperits, seeing the new moon over her left shoulder, jack-my-lanterns (as she called the ignus fatuus that is often seen in swamp lands after dark), cat wails and ghosts and uncanny things, generally, was founded upon a rock.

She was, however, a woman of fine principles, true to her ideas of duty, a matchless cook, and fine manager generally. On high days and holidays she was my mother's main dependence for preparing the knick-knacks and substantial, and she generally enjoyed it, but on this occasion she did not enter into it with her usual zeal. Every now and then she would heave a dismal sigh and repeat her refrain, "Somethin' gwine to happen sho' an' certain." Notwithstanding Mammy's lamentations and lugubrious countenance, everything pro-

gressed smoothly under her skilful hands and her's and mother's good management, until the eventful evening came around.

About six o'clock Mammy came to my mother's room and again gave vent to her dismal predictions of forthcoming disaster.

"Dese yere jacking lanterns doan prowel aroun' for nothin' Mistis, and brindle cats doan yowl dat grave-yard yowl lessen dey know somethin' strange gwine to happen, an' you all better be sayin' yo' pra'rs, stead o' frolickin' an' stuffin' an' stuffin' an' cavortin', mine what ole' Mammy say."

And to tell the truth there was an undefined sense of something wrong, a painful stillness that was beginning to oppress us all in spite of our efforts to cast it off.

Our guests arrived at an hour which at this day would be deemed barbarously inopportune. The merry greetings were over and everybody apparently talking at once, when Mammy showed her doleful visage at the parlor door, and looking at my grandmother, said: "Ole Mistis, an' I axes de parding ob de company, please come out heah a minute." Grandmother went with her, and she immediately poured forth in the most plaintive tone, "Ole Mistis dey is pintedly somethin' gwine to happen, dem folks in dah is laughin' an' talkin' on de brink ob de preshipish, dey better hab dere lamps trimit an' a burnin', for de time is almos' nigh. Dat brindle cat keep on yawlin' out dah in de dark, an' de jacking lantern movin' up an' down de banks ob de creek, an', oh Lawd a mercy, de ah is so heaby dat I got sich a misery in my chist." Grandmother, to satisfy Mammy, walked with her out into the yard, and directly she felt the difficulty of breathing that Mammy complained of, and in a moment she heard a faint and distant rumbling sound. It became rapidly more distinct, nearer and nearer, until

she was filled with terror. Grandmother went far out into the yard to discover, if possible, the cause of it all, Mammy following, and protesting and entreating her come in the house. "Pray ole Miss, come hack befo' de raff ob de Almighty obertakes you."

Before she could return, however, the distant faint mutterings burst into an ominous growl, then into a sound half moan half shriek. By this time the whole household was alarmed. The dreadful roaring came nearer and nearer, then the cyclone in all its fury burst upon us. Prayers and moans and shrieks of terror mingle with the roar of the storm. The crash of falling timbers, the deafening thunder stifle these human cries. Amidst these terrors I heard my father's calm, clear voice bidding us to be calm and open no doors. "The roof is blown from the kitchen," some one cries. I rushed to the door in time to see a jar of blackberry jam come crashing down upon Mammy's devoted head, literally plastering her with what was to my childish notion wasted sweetness.

Crash! crash! the north wall of the house has fallen, and chaos reigns; prayers and wails have ceased in the awful presence of the destroyer. Terror has stricken us dumb. Those of us who have courage to look about us can see by the vivid flashes of electricity, huge trees twisted like reeds, and the air filled with flying debris, which look like uncanny living things. Good old Mammy has found me and is holding me tight against her kind black breast.

The house falls all about us in one terrific crash, and then it is over.

The cyclone has gone its journey of destruction and we are left, twenty white persons and ten colored ones scattered indiscriminately amidst the ruins in the pelting rain. My mother is shrieking "Where is my baby, my poor little baby," then a pademonium of wails and moans are renewed that were stilled in the awful presence of the cyclone. Above it all, again I hear my father's calm, sweet voice, "dear ones be as quiet as possible, we must preserve our presence of mind. I miss some of my own dear

children," and for the first time his voice faltered. He immediately commenced systematically to gather together the scattered household. "Mother are you safe?" he shouted, "Safe and unhurt my dear son," said grandmother.

"Beloved wife, I feel you near me," to mother clinging to his side and entreating him find her baby. Thanks to father's clear judgment and collected manner, each one was found and placed under the protecting branches of an immense elm tree, one of the few that was left standing in our once lovely lawn, all found except my baby brother and the infant child of one of our colored women. At last these were found in remote and different parts of the yard, unhurt and drenched to the skin, but apparently satisfied with the state of affairs, for neither was crying.

A sprightly and excellent girl, the daughter of my father's carpenter, who lived in the yard, was killed. This was the only death, the others escaping with slight bruises or scratches.

Then began our terrible and never-to-be-forgotten journey to a neighbors; father, the ruling spirit, comforting and assisting and leading the sorrowful group; just after him were four men bearing upon a broken door the body of poor Maria Middleton; following closely were the others of the stricken victims; through the dismantled woods, this way and that, around and over fallen trees, only able to proceed when the lightening's vivid flashes showed us a way.

We reached at last the kind neighbors who were beyond the reach of the storm. A bright fire was burning in the huge old fashioned fire-place. Oh what a heaven this seemed! From the insatiate rage of the cyclone and the pitiless drenching of the rain into that warm, bright room, the tender, welcoming voices of good Mr. and Mrs. H., seemed, even then, to my childish fancy, a type of heaven. I looked at the body of the fair girl they had tenderly laid upon a couch, no marks of suffering upon her placid countenance, no mark of the blow that had taken her young life, and I felt that indeed she was indeed an angel, and almost wondered

why her parents wept and refused to be comforted. We were furnished with dry clothing by good Mr. and Mrs. H., and we were urged to go to rest, beds were given up to us and pallets placed about the floors for some. Before my mother retired, Mammy came and knelt down by her side and unburdened her swelling heart. "Oh Mistis, dat I should lib to see dis day, my ole eyes is been opened, an' I see now dat I has been ongrateful an' onbeleiven' sence de raff ob de Almighty has bust upon me. I'se been drogikin' and watchin' dese heah jack my lanterns, an' sperits, an' ghosteses, an' sech foolishness, stead a plantin' my faith whar de good book 'structs me, but Mistis, fum dis time on, I'se a changed 'oman, an' when Mammy says a thing she means hit. Dese yaller niggahs like Cynthy, you can't place no 'pendence upon, but tank de Lawd, I'm a regular Guinea niggah, an' I nuvver break my word." The dear old soul was true to her word indeed, and we children were never again entertained with her grue-

some experiences with ghosts and jack-o-lanterns, which, while they chilled the very marrow in our bones, yet held such a fascination for us that we begged for them whenever she was sitting with us around the nursery fire. Dear, kind old Mammy, she has long gone to her rest and her reward, but the memory of her lives in the hearts of the white children to whom she was so loving and considerate, and for whom in those times that tried children's souls, called in the South dining days, when the shavers had to wait while the big folks ate dinner, she would keep the livers and gizzards of the turkeys and chickens. "Nebber mind honey," she would say, "Mammy doan forgit de po, hongry children. Dece heah quality-folks gits to talkin' an' suffin', an' dey think de sun an' moon stan' still for dem, lak dey did for Joshwer, an' nebber members dat po chillun is waitin'. Mammy done save you all de libbers, an' gizzards, an' cawn bread an' gravy. Set down to de kitchen table an' help yoselves."



### A WOMAN TO A MAN.

SONNET BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

**D**EAREST, if you lay dead before me now,  
 How could I feel that you indeed were dead?  
 How could I think that love and life had fled—  
 Love from that heart, life from that wondrous brow?  
 Could I above your figure, weeping, bow  
 And say what many a stricken soul has said,  
 "My best beloved one is dead, is dead."  
 Could I do this believing it was so?  
 Should I not rather stare in dull amaze  
 At those who told me that the end was come?  
 Should I not see all things as in a haze,  
 Nor strive to speak to find that I was dumb,  
 But only sit incredulous and gaze  
 The while my soul sank in a gradual gloom?





## TOM AND THE REST OF US.

LOUISE R. BAKER.

THERE were five of us, Tom, myself, Jimmy, Ross, and little Jack. We were steps, as old mammy said, there being but a year between our respective ages and our sizes varying accordingly. We were known about Blocktown as the "Brown boys," for wherever one of us turned up the others were sure to follow, little Jack often bawling lustily in the rear.

The five of us had been attending the public school together during the two years preceding the time of which I write, for old mammy, in order to get rid of little Jack, on the day of his fifth birthday "toted" him in to Father's study and solemnly announced that he was six years of age and old enough fer to tend shool. He was a good-sized lad, and Father readily took her word for it.

I have reason to believe that at this interesting period of our childhood, Tom and myself possessed more strongly pronounced characters than did the rest of the Brown boys, though on occasion little Jack showed up pretty well. Tom was as full of mischief as any healthy boy under heaven, and yet he could, when so minded, wear the calm and beautiful expression of a saint, whereas I, who was regarded as the one Brown boy possessing the rudiments of common politeness, was forever wriggling and giggling. But I stuck to my books at school and was dutiful to my teacher. When Tom giggled he was unceremon-

iously directed to the floor, when I giggled it was put down to nervousness, or to Tom. Our reputations were widespread; but strangers were always taking Tom for me and me for Tom.

We came home one day and filed straight into the kitchen as was our custom, to procure sandwiches or some such dainty wherewith to stay our ravenous appetites until supper-time.

Old mammy greeted us with her hands in the air: "Chilluns, hab yo' heayed it?"

"Heayed what?" asked Tom, who was disrespectful to every one.

"Dat yo' pappy gyne off to git mahied?"

We all stood still and stared at her, and then little Jack shouted: "'Tain't so," and commenced bellowing at his loudest.

"'Tain't so," said Tom, way down in his throat.

"'Tain't so" said I, blinking hard.

"'Tain't so," said Jimmy.

"'Tain't so," blubbered Ross.

It had been the taunt of the school-boys that it would come some day, just for us to wait awhile and see; and now, sure enough, it was going to come.

Old mammy made a grab for little Jack, and seating herself upon the kitchen floor tried to persuade him into the comfort of her arms.

"It'll be a mighty pooty lady yo' pappy'll fetch home, ole mammy knows dat," she said, consolingly; while Mat, our other colored woman, stood beside the stove giggling hysterical. "He's de one to cawt 'em. Yo'll kick yo'se'f

all out o' jint, li'l Jack, ef jes' keep on a bit. Shut up yo' sassy laffin', Mat, an' git de chilluns some'n to eat."

"Don't git nothin' for me," hollered Tom, as he turned and rushed from the house, the rest of us at his heels.

When Tom reached the wood-shed, he faced around and asked abruptly: "Well, what are you all going to do about it?" Receiving no answer, he turned to me with a stern and commanding look in his black eyes.

I giggled and looked down.

"Well, I ain't going to stand it!" exclaimed Tom, emphatically, and sitting down on the saw-buck, he stretched out and then crossed his plump legs. "The idea of father sneaking off and never saying a word about it! If I'd a-known—"

Tom's uncompleted sentence expressed volumes. It instantly poured confidence upon our turbulent spirits. Somehow we felt sure that Tom could manage affairs, that, if he had known beforehand, there would have been no affairs to manage. I was aware that when he looked at me in that stern, commanding way and called me "Willie," he was afraid that my notable politeness would prove a stumbling block in his path. But I had recently read a book entitled *Cinderella*, and was filled with a morbid fear as to the results of my father's rash act.

"I'll fix her," cried Tom, strutting out of the wood-shed with his hands in his pocket and his head in the air, and deigning us no further satisfaction.

Old mammy told us, with a great air of secrecy, that father would be away for a week, that he had written to her desiring her to arrange certain household affairs prior to his return. She was in a wild state of delight over the receipt of this letter. I think every adult in Block-town was requested please to read it to her and explain the mysterious passages therein.

For a week, then, Tom decided that the Brown boys wouldn't go to school. It was pretty dull work staying at home, but we all did it. I remember going to the garret and collecting a huge pile of

books with which to regale myself during the seven days.

Tom held a dozen or so meetings in the wood-shed preparing plans of attack against the enemy.

My! how the wind used to whistle around the old shed and rush in through its numerous cracks as we listened to our brother's unchristian sermons, and promised solemnly to abide by his words.

He decked out an old shovel in one of mammy's dresses which she kindly lent us "fer to keep us quiet," and propped it up in an end of the shed. The minute we saw it we all knew whom it represented, and a gloom came over us in the awful presence. But this was dispelled by Thomas Brown. He walked up to his work and and regarded it with a satisfied expression; then he gave a contemptuous fillip at the voluminous gown. "Well, fñiss, what are you doing here?" he asked, and walked back to his place.

The rest of us knew what was expected of us, and entered into it with hearty zest.

Jimmy skipped up to the figure in a graceless way, blithely singing "The rebels are coming, oh ho! oh ho!" Ross stood upon his head before it and nodded at it with his copper-toed boots. Little Jack told it peremptorily and with many flourishes of his dirty fists that she'd better go back where she'd come from or look out. But I think the climax was reached when I, the acknowledged master-of rudimentary politeness, advanced and made the lowest of my bows, impudence written in every line of my face, and inquired: "Well, miss, how do you think you'll like it round these parts?"

Tuesday morning, however, found me in a depressed and nervous condition as I entered the wood-shed. I had read another book upon the subject in question, and not at all in the *Cinderella* style. It had set me thinking that perhaps we were making a stupendous mistake, and when my turn came to advance and salute our imperturbable step-mother, I blurted out, "She may be a real nice lady."

I never saw Tom Brown madder than he was that day. There was nothing of the saint in his expression as he turned upon me.

"You're going to spoil everything," he said stormily, and then he rushed at the shovel and tore old mammy's gown into shreds. "You'll be in for toadying," he screamed, "You'll 'Yes miss' her in earnest, you will!" Tom sat down on the saw-buck and burst into a wild howl of indignant rage.

Never before had any of us seen Tom weep. All my courage ebbed away. I walked up to the tattered garment still hanging on the shovel, and tried to be as impudent as I had been the first afternoon. "I reckon you ain't over fond of these parts, miss," I said, bowing low.

"Will you do whatever I tell you?" asked Tom, furtively drying his eyes.

"Why, certainly," said I.

"Then all of you go and fetch your banks."

We did as we were bid, and returned with our modest fortunes in our hands.

"Are you willing to spend it on her?"

"Certainly, if you say so," said I, and the others echoed, if you say so."

We were ordered to break our banks and count the money, which we did.

"Now, how are you going to spend yours, Willie Brown?"

"However you tell me," I answered, glancing down.

"Very good," said Tom. "Well, Jim? Any one can spend it as he pleases so's I approve."

"Buy trumpets and blow 'em in the house," said Jim, with the air of one who understands womankind.

Tom nodded approvingly.

"You, Ross?"

"Roller skates and roll 'em on the porch all day."

Again Tom nodded, while a diabolical grin spread over his countenance.

"And you, Jack?"

"Tar Peters," said little Jack, "and stomp 'em in the hall."

"Very good," said Tom; then he concluded pleasantly: "And Will and I will buy cigarettes and smoke her out."

After this momentous council all went

to the ice-pond and skated until dark. It was a miserable evening, with a cold, drizzling rain coming down. The reason why we remained so late was because a passing school-boy shouted from the road that after Wednesday we wouldn't be allowed to skate more than ten minutes at a time, and "little boys must be wrapped up nice and warm in rainy weather."

The next day it was still raining so off we marched again to the pond, only returning to the house for our dinner. I had come to the conclusion that Cinderella was a much more reliable book than the other.

We skated until five o'clock and then we went up to supper, and after eating it we sneaked off to bed. Notwithstanding our belligerent intentions we were not quite ready to put forth a bold front, and the enemy would be on us that evening.

How appetizing the supper smelled! Old mammy and Mat were making extensive preparations. We could hear them laughing down in the dining-room as they arranged the table, and everyone of us, I know, voted them a heartless pair, though little Jack was the only one to put any part of his thoughts into words. "They don't care of we don't get anything nor nothin'," came with a choking sob from the depths of his trundle bed.

After awhile we heard a carriage stop at the gate, and then father's high and cheerful voice in the hall. Tom jumped from his bed and banged the nursery door. "Don't any of you forget," he said, threateningly, and his voice was hoarse and awful from our skating on the pond.

It was 'bout an hour later that the five of us, who had not spoken since Tom's warning, heard the nursery door open and father and somebody else come in. We closed our eyes tight and Jim commenced to snore because we had told him that he always did it.

"I wonder what made them go to bed so very early!" said the somebody who was with father, and then she commenced to laugh.

"Of course they are all asleep," said father, solemnly. "It wouldn't do to disturb them."

"Oh, no, it would never do to disturb them," answered the lady, still laughing. "That one snores as if he were sleeping so peacefully. I think it must be Tom."

At this moment there came the sound of awful coughing from under the covers of the real Tom's bed, and then a struggle as if he had got his head out and was coughing boldly. Tom Brown couldn't afford to strangle while there was air to be reached.

"Oh, that is dreadful!" exclaimed the enemy advancing swiftly to Tom's bed. "Why, he's burning with fever, and his feet are damp, and, oh, dear! he has on his stockings." She must have been making a thorough investigation and she spoke in a hurried, anxious way. "His bed is in the draft, too. His head is hot and his hands are cold. We must get him to another room, Jack, and we must send for the doctor. To think of them being here with no one to look after them and we off enjoying ourselves."

"There's the spare-room," said father, evidently a little scared, and solicitously offering the best he had.

"Tell them to make a fire in it, and tell them to go for the doctor, the poor little fellow's coughing again," said the voice, with a pathetic ring in it. "When everything's ready, Jack, let me know and I'll take him over."

When everything was ready we all peeped out wondering to see how she would take Tom over, there had been such a bustle and excitement in the preparations.

He was wrapped in a blanket and had on a pair of slippers that we had never seen before. Our step-mother led him out and closed the door behind them. Then little Jack laughed.

There was a good deal in little Jack's laugh: Amusement at father's solicitous anxiety when he didn't much more than know us apart, only that Tom and I had reputations, and that little Jack must be eight years old, as he'd been going to school for two years; a droll sense of humor at the step-mother thinking it strange for a boy to wear his stockings

at night, when every boy in the room had on a pair; and Tom Brown, who had got himself and all of us up to the highest pitch of impertinence, being led off in a blanket and lad's slippers—all this was in little Jack's laugh, and there was in it, too, a gleefulness and light-heartedness as if the owner were anticipating pleasant days to come.

But when the doctor's footsteps sounded past the door and along the hall we all of us grew scared about Tom.

We rose early the next morning and started into school again, without even seeing father, and carrying our dinner with us. We knew that Tom was very ill and that our step-mother was taking care of him in the spare-room. I pondered the other story, that wasn't Cinderella, and arrived at the conclusion that she'd pull him through. The boys at school were very civil to us, and the teacher did not punish us for missing our lessons.

We saw father when we got home that evening, but he hurried us off to bed.

Life continued in this manner for nearly a week, the Saturday and Sunday being spent in a visit out to the farm. The boys at school told us that Tom had the pneumonia, and we felt proud and sorrowful whenever they mentioned him. But I had impressed my brothers with my belief that the step-mother would bring him through.

When we came home from school on Thursday afternoon, Mat met us at the door and whispered to each of us, separately, that we could go up to the spare-room if we didn't make no noise, that Tom was settin' up in bed as pert as you please jest a-itchin' fer to give the fever to the rest of us.

We tipped up, making a great deal of noise in our attempts to move silently, and were met at the door by our step-mother. She had a pleasant face, and kind, beautiful eyes that smiled as they looked at us. She told us that we needn't tip-toe but to walk right in, and, as little Jack came trudging on behind, she caught him in her arms and kissed him.

Tom, very pale and holy-looking, was sitting in the middle of the big bed.

We all glanced at him and giggled bashfully, and I saw our step-mother bite her lips to keep from laughing.

"I wouldn't let father tell me who any of you were until I had time to see you close," she said, sitting down by the bed and pulling little Jack to her side. "This one, I know, is the baby. I'm so fond of boys," she went on, running her fingers through little Jack's frowsted hair. "Ross comes next; which one is Ross?"

Ross advanced solemnly and received his kiss and Jimmy followed suit.

Here Tom, who had been gazing longingly at a certain glass upon the mantel, could endure his thirst no longer. "Mother," he called plaintively, "wont you please give me my lemonade?"

"The idea of my forgetting!" she cried, and went and got it for him and waited until he drank it to put the glass away. Then she came over to me and took my face caressingly between her white hands. "Of course this is Tom," she said. "I was telling Willie that I was sorry I hadn't got hold of you; I would like to have made friends with Tom at the very beginning."

My mouth fell open in astonishment, that was too genuine to be mistaken. There came a sickly giggle from the bed, and Tom dived down under the covers.

"Why, he told me he was Willie! Isn't he Willie?" cried our step-mother, looking helplessly around at us all.

"He's Tom," said little Jack, emphatically; then he added, in an explanatory undertone, "Thomas Nathan Brown."

And so we discovered that Thomas Nathan Brown, thinking the conduct for which he was unable to account more suitable to the reputation of his polite brother, had shielded himself under my name, even with its humiliating lie, and father, who called each one of us separately "the boy," and never given him away.

I must add that we spent our modest fortunes upon our step-mother after all. Tom picked out a canary in a very gaudy cage, and the rest of us cheerfully handed out.

## WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN.

EVA LOVETT CARSON.

ARCHIBALD Edward Theophilus Jones

Had a way of expressing his feelings in moans,  
In sobs and sighs,  
And dolorous cries—  
The water continually ran from his eyes.  
Upon every occasion he "started the bawl!"

At the silliest trifle, or nothing at all,  
Till his mother declared: "Why, Theophilus, dear,  
If you are not more careful, you won't leave a tear!"

"And some day, you know,  
It might happen so,  
Your feelings, or head, might receive a hard blow;  
A blow that would really be worthy a tear,  
And by being so lavish at present, I fear  
You'll have not a tear left,  
And being bereft  
Of the tears that are needful to make a good cry,  
With no means of relieving your feelings  
you'll die!"

But Theophilus paid to this counsel no heed—

He continued to roar  
And cry as before.  
The family wished themselves deaf—yes,  
indeed;

Although certainly some  
Of them wished he was dumb,  
For surely among things excessively trying  
May be reckoned the child that forever  
is crying.

Well—the worst of the story remains to be told.

He was weeping one morning—because  
it was cold—

When he felt a strange quiver,  
A shake and a shiver;  
It began at the point where his eyes met  
his nose,



And ran through his backbone quite  
 down to his toes.  
 Astonished, he stopped for an instant  
 his wail,  
 And when to renew it he tried—ah, sad  
 tale!  
 Alas, how can I tell  
 Of the fate that befell?

This poor little boy found he'd cried  
 himself dry,  
 Not a tear could he squeeze from his  
 dear little eye;  
 Though he struggled his hardest, 'twas  
 useless to try.  
 Vain—all vain!  
 And an unsatisfactory cry  
 Is the one where you haven't a tear in  
 your eye!

Boys, be warned by his fate,  
 Before 'tis too late;  
 Don't cry for small matters,  
 Slight bruises and batters.  
 Or, indeed, who can say—  
 It might happen some day,  
 When some weighty occasion for crying  
 should rise,  
 You'd be left, like young Jones, with no  
 tears in your eyes!

#### THE CHILD'S MIRROR.

WHERE is the baby, grand-  
 mamma?"  
 The sweet young mother calls  
 From her work in the cozy kitchen,  
 With its dainty whitewashed walls.  
 And grandma leaves her knitting,  
 And looks for her all around;  
 But not a trace of baby dear  
 Can anywhere be found.

No sound of merry prattle  
 No gleam of its sunny hair,  
 No patter of tiny footsteps,  
 No sign of it anywhere.

All through the house and garden,  
 Far out into the field,  
 They search each nook and corner  
 But nothing is revealed.

And the mother's face grew pallid:  
 Grandmamma's eyes grew dim;  
 The father's gone to the village—  
 No use to look for him.  
 And the baby lost! "Where's Rover?"  
 And the mother chanced to think  
 Of the old well in the orchard,  
 Where the cattle used to drink.

"Where's Rover? I know he'd find her!  
 Rover!" In vain they call,  
 Then hurry away to the orchard;  
 And there by the moss-grown wall,  
 Close to the well lies Rover,  
 Holding to baby's dress.  
 She was leaning over the well's edge  
 In perfect fearlessness!

She stretched her little arms down,  
 But Rover held her fast,  
 And never seemed to mind the kicks  
 The tiny bare feet cast  
 So spitefully upon him,  
 But wagged his tail instead,  
 To greet the frightened searchers:  
 While naughty baby said,

"Dere's a little dirl in the 'ater;  
 She's dust as big as me.  
 Mamma, I want to help her out,  
 And take her home to tea.  
 But Rover, he won't let me,  
 And I don't love him. Go  
 Away you naughty Rover!  
 Oh! why are you crying so?"

The mother kissed her, saying:  
 "My darling, understand:  
 Good Rover saved your life, my dear—  
 And see, he licks your hand!  
 Kiss Rover." Baby struck him,  
 But grandma understood;  
 She said, "It's hard to thank the friend  
 Who thwarts us for our good."





CONDUCTED BY AUNT JEAN.

## INDUCTION IN CHARACTER.

BY M. HOFHEIMER.

**I**N electrics, when a bar of iron is brought near a magnet or a charged solenoid, the iron bar becomes magnetized by induction. So it is, also, with human character. Our characters are largely formulated by induction from those whom we come in contact with.

This process of character formation is not the active result of example and imitation, but is, rather, the passive effect of a moral contagion which creeps on us insidiously and without the co-operation of our will.

Character induction, however, does not exclude the operation of the will. In fact, there are many forces which combine, either in harmony or in conflict with each other, in character-forming. There is the exercise of the will in directing the conduct; there is heredity, by which strong traits are transmitted from one generation to another; and there are the material circumstances of life, before which other forces are often powerless. But a most potent factor in the formation of character is the moral contagion of those with whom we associate.

Individuality is the synthesis of character, and even where two or more persons display many traits which are similar, their individualities will differ where some of the combining elements are sufficiently at variance with each other to change the ultimate composition. The elements of character are so numerous,

and their combinations so varied, that perhaps there are no two persons whose individualities are identical.

Now a person thrown in contact with many people will be influenced by the strongest traits of each, the strongest traits exercising the greatest inductive force. Where one of his associates is especially virtuous, he will be elevated in his character. Where another of his associates is especially licentious, the latter's influence will play upon his pleasure-loving sensibilities, and engender actions and purposes which would otherwise have been absent. The resultant of these two forces, together with others which may re-inforce either of them, will, to a great extent, determine the moral tone of his character.

Inductive influence upon character, however, is not absolute. It depends for its effect upon natural susceptibility. There are many who are so strongly fortified in their natural or hereditary traits that the influence of another is lost—as in magnetism, where the influence of one magnet upon another, stronger than itself, is not sufficient to move the latter.

Almost all persons have noticed, in the course of their lives, that they have been diverted from some purpose or some course of conduct, not by any active influence, but by the passive influence of another, acting almost unconsciously upon themselves—a certain indefinable something in the character of another which made them feel ashamed of some contemplated meanness, or which inspired in them some act of generosity. Criminals have been moved to repent-

ence, not so much by the words spoken to them as by the moral influence of those who sought to recall them to rectitude. One as debased as the criminal himself might address him in the same words as apothor; he might even use words more forcible in themselves or yet more eloquent in their meaning, but they would be lost. The words must come from one higher and better than himself in the moral sense; one whom he can look up to for inspiration as well as instruction, and one who is himself sufficiently virtuous that his personality can act upon the other. Hugo has given us a most beautiful illustration of this effect in "*Les Miserables*." The redemption of Jean Valjean was effected, not so much by the action of the Bishop as by the moral influence of that upright man, which touched the long-dormant feelings in Valjean and made possible that future which he afterwards proudly realized.

The influence of a minister or teacher does not depend upon their teachings, but upon their own personalities, by which those teachings are impressed. Moral induction is stronger than moral suasion. Likewise, in the reverse effect, the corruption of a virtuous character does not follow from the evil example of others so much as from the immoral contagion which prepares the character for the evil which is suggested by bad example. Without entering into the merits of mesmerism, it is yet safe to say that character induction is closely related to the phenomena which are identified with that branch of physiology.

The effect of induction in character-forming is most noticeable in childhood. In the development of character in children, moral instruction is an important factor, but in itself it is abstract. The character of a child is moulded to a much greater degree by the moral presence of those by whom it is surrounded. In childhood the susceptibility is greatest. Nurses, tutors, and above all parents, exercise a greater influence upon children by their own characters than by their teachings; and their responsibility in this direction is so vital

that it extends to the necessity of closely watching their own qualities. When a child is told to be gentle and considerate by one who is himself ill-tempered and selfish, the advice is not likely to be heeded. But when the same child is brought in contact with one whose nature is kind and gentle, the admonition need not be put in words; the moral induction which is brought to bear is sufficient.

In the broad characteristics of different races we see the direct effect of character induction. The customs and manners which are typical of different peoples, come from a general tendency to imitate. This imitation of customs is indeed in itself natural and unconscious, but the general uniformity in the characteristics of races is the result of character induction from one to another through successive generations. In the world's history we have seen nations formed by different tribes who came together and built a city or organized a government. In the course of years their various characteristics were blended and amalgamated until they became a distinct people, in character as well as by affiliation.

And so with individuals, their characters are, to a great extent, the amalgamation of the strongest characteristics of their associates. The importance of well selecting these associates cannot, therefore, be over-estimated. As the parent is to the child, so are our companions to us, monitors who wield a constant influence on our characters.

#### WISE AND UNWISE MOTHERS.

P. W. H.

OH, I hope my boy will never be as they are!" exclaimed a mother as she watched some street urchins who were at play near her home. Their lawless play, rude behavior and obscene talk might well make any thoughtful mother wish to gather her own boys close within her arms. They may be seen any day, smoking cigarettes

before they are well out of dresses, stealing fruit from the stands before the stores, climbing on passing vehicles hoping to steal a ride, or following a drunken man, or one who may be poorly dressed, or crippled, and indulging in coarse, ill-bred remarks at his expense.

"It happened that I knew the mother whom I have quoted," continued the little woman, making these remarks. "She is a refined woman, and a most active worker in several benevolent societies. She is one of the busiest women I ever knew, and her children spend many hours in company that she can know nothing of, because her other duties claim so large a share of her attention. I have seen her boy playing with the very boys whom she criticized so sharply, and learning more, even in one day, than she could undo in a week if she tried."

Mothers who allow their boys to play on the streets whenever they wish, who know nothing of the companions they have when out of their sight, who have little time to give to them when at home, have no right to think that their boys are not subject to the same severe criticism which they give to others. It is a wilfully blind and foolish mother who will assert that her boy, because he is her boy will remain innocent and blameless under such conditions.

A mother once made some excuse to take a friend past the door of a room which she had fitted up purposely for her boys. The door was open, and there were the boys, sewing carpet rags. That is, they sewed when they were not pelting one another with the balls they had wound; but judging from the amount of noise that came from that room, the lady said she should think the "pelting" part of the work received much the closest attention.

"I don't see how you stand it!" she said. "Or is this an exceptional day?"

"Exceptionally quiet, I think," answered the little mother with a smile. "But it isn't nearly so bad as it would be to hear them swear, and perhaps if they were not playing there, they would be where they might learn to be profane."

"It would make me nervous to have the carpet rags used in that way," said the friend.

"Carpet rags are cheap toys," answered the mother, "and boys must have something with which to amuse themselves."

"But how do you get them to sew them?" inquired the friend. "Most boys would object to such an occupation."

"I pay them, and they spend the money earned in that way as they please. I believe they are going to buy some fixings for a patent trapeze, which they think of making in the barn."

"A patent trapeze!" The guest was horrified. "Do you really mean to say that you are going to allow them to risk their lives in any such way?"

"They would do so if they were away from home with other boys," answered the mother. "I have the satisfaction of knowing that I am near them, and can go to them immediately if they are in need of my care."

"But a patent trapeze! How can you afford to let your boys spend money in that way? You are not rich, and your husband works hard for every cent he gets."

"I know it. We talked it over and think it a paying investment even if we are obliged in consequence to go without something which are really necessary to our comfort. We have known parents who economized when their boys were growing, and who, in after years, were obliged to spend every penny they had saved in trying to buy them out of disgrace. We teach our boys economy, as much as we can without making them tired of the word. But I am tiring you!"

"No, no!" said the friend, "I am greatly interested; please go on."

"Well," said the little mother, blushing to find herself in the position of a lecturer, "there is a time in every boy's life when he fancies himself capable of inventing something wonderful, if he only has tools to work with. My boys are just passing through that stage of their existence. They spend many happy hours making things which they

will afterward destroy as cheerfully as if they had not dreamed of reaping a fortune from those very things. They braided that rug which you may have noticed by my kitchen stove. It cost me three dollars, besides the rags, which I furnished. They were nearly two weeks in braiding it, and two different machines were built which they fancied would make the work easier. Of course, the machines were failures, but the boys had lots of fun, and their time was spent at home."

This little mother may not be considered wise, but she certainly seems so to me. I believe the mothers of such boys as we see on the street are both thoughtless and selfish. A boy is usually noisy when he is happy; he must be kept busy if kept out of mischief, and he can not be kept busy unless he is interested. The mother who sends her boy away from her because he is noisy, who looks with contempt on his "inventions," and ridicules his dearest plans, and who cares more to put a dollar in the bank than to make him happy with it, need not be surprised if he some day causes her a heartache.

#### DON'T.

**D**ON'T talk against a man's friend in his presence if you would not win his resentment and contempt, and deservedly, too!

Can you expect him to stand by quietly and hear his friend assailed—unless, perchance, he should consider the source a sufficient apology for the offense, and that would be far from flattering yourself—and not defend him? He would defend himself under a like provocation, and would he do less for his friend?

The good book tells us that a friend loveth at all times, yea unto the end, and the friendship that will not bear this, best should be consigned to oblivion, along with many other false pretenses.

My friend! Only two little words, and yet how much they convey! We have chosen each other from among our

many acquaintances, from a similarity of tastes, a congeniality in many things, and our friendship only grows stronger and stronger as time passes, till even death, himself, cannot break the tie, for our friends are as much ours in eternity as in time, we doubt not, else love were not immortal. Friendship is a holy sentiment, ennobling and enlarging all who feel its influence, and if you would not be despised—and few can afford the loss, such a sentiment entails upon the offender—be very careful how you talk to a man against his friend.

#### ELEMENTARY TEACHING.

**N**O great trouble is involved in teaching a bright girl how to wash dishes and earthenware of every kind, so that they are never sticky; and also to wash glasses, so that the light sparkles on them, instead of their appearing dull; how to sweep and dust a room, verifying the old adage, "Clean the corners well, the middle cleans itself;" how to scrub floors and tables, not only in the right direction, but also that they may not turn black; how to brighten stoves and black boots; how to take grease from floors, whether stone or wood; how to remove ink stains from linen; the right way to scour articles of steel; to clean knives and keep them from rusting; to clean smoke and stains from marble; the best way to clean windows; to wash handkerchiefs, or lace, or small things that are not greasy; the best way for one to shake stair-carpets, without much more trouble than the dust settling on the person, unless protected by a wrapping-cloth.

There are a thousand things in elementary teaching which may be serviceable to a little girl, though it is only in repeated teaching—line upon line, precept on precept—and by example, that is impressed on a child's brain the notion of why the work is to be done in a certain way to be successful.

Even with unlimited patience and careful watching of girls' actions, there will still be rebellious, hasty, and inert



temper to deal with, for girls and boys get restive, just as "grown-ups" under discipline; then it is that patience and gentleness on the part of the teacher works wonders. It is worth thinking about that one thing taught daily to a girl or boy amounts to three hundred and sixty-five bits of information during one year.

Women capable of teaching domestic work are not as numerous as children waiting to be taught, and it is only in the privacy of a home, and not in a school, that the manifold duties combined in housework can be imparted. What is best for children everyone can see, but how to set the work in motion is a difficult problem. If twenty households each took a little girl into service, to train in household work, it certainly would be as helpful as district visiting or any other occupation having for its object help for the poor.

A great deal has been said about the proper instruction of infants—"the basis of the education being the recognition of the child's spontaneous activity, and the stimulation of that activity in certain directions." So it must be with girls who may be taken into service; one may be suitable for a cook, another for a housemaid or parlormaid, or both united. Although one girl may show a clever disposition and be capable of doing imperfectly the work of the three—and will in time become a general servant of rather doubtful result of performance—yet she may become quite capable when married of training her children to habits of industry and thrift.

In this way the one good mistress who taught the wife in her childhood has crowned her with blessing. The Great Master and Teacher of us all, who saw the misery and helplessness of ignorance around Him, gave us, in His Sermon on the Mount, the injunction "Do unto all men as we would have them do to us, for thereon hang all law and religion." How gladly if each of us were in circumstances to need such help would we see a good housewife take one of our little ones and train it to all that is good,

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not alone in household work, but to be truthful in word and deed, teaching it to feel that God's help is ever near to those who ask for it with "sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed."

### HOW TO KEEP YOUNG.

**W**RINKLES are the principal witnesses to age. A person may have hair nearly or quite white, but if the skin is fair and smooth they will look, what they are, prematurely gray. But you do not hear of people being prematurely wrinkled, although many truly are; yet they are spoken of as looking old.

Many young people have a disagreeable habit of frowning and scowling, and as they grow older the creases formed will become fixed. Profound meditation, deep study, worry, and anxiety, all cause wrinkles, and mostly in the upper part of the face. Of course we know that a face without any lines would be expressionless, but there is little danger of any effort on our part erasing too many—enough will remain if we do all we can to obliterate them.

The skin in youth is not only firm, but elastic, and hence the momentary expressions, even if frequently repeated, disappear; but in later years the elasticity is lost, and expressions oft repeated form permanent folds in the skin.

One of the exercises given in the Delsarte series of relaxation consists of relaxing the muscles of the face and "shaking out the wrinkles," as a teacher of the art used to call it.

She was herself a wonderful example of what her work could do for one. Although over fifty, her face was fair and smooth, and gave no evidence of so many years.

To take the exercise referred to, sit down and rest the elbows upon the knees, allow the head to drop and hang down forward of the knees, relaxing the jaw and the muscles at the back of the neck. Try to think of yourself as looking perfectly idiotic, thus giving up all expression in the countenance. Now shake

the head sidewise rapidly enough to make the cheeks shake, as they will in a very amusing way, providing the muscles of the face are relaxed. It may take some time to gain the control necessary to this relaxation, but the most obstinate jaw can be conquered, and everyone should have this power. Especially should attention be paid to this matter if your disposition is not "angelic." You may smile, but it is really no laughing matter, and in all earnestness I can assure you that a "fit of bad temper" may be put to flight by relaxing the jaw.

Do you know why bonnet strings are becoming to ladies over thirty-five? It is because at about that age a wrinkle or two is apt to come in the neck at the back of the ears. Now if the neck is muscular, the wrinkles will not appear, and this is an excellent exercise for this purpose, besides freeing the muscles and giving the head a more free and stately carriage.

Count slowly and regularly, and at the same time allow the head to move very slowly forward till it drops on the breast. Pause a moment, then slowly raise the head and continue the motion backward until the head rests on the spinal column. To accomplish this, relax the jaw and have no restriction of any kind about the neck. Pause again, and then raise it to position. Turn now a little to the right, and again move forward and downward and then over back. Repeat this by turning a little further each time until the chin rests over the shoulder, then begin at the center again and turn in the same way by degrees to the left.

The good effect of these movements depends upon their being taken very

moderately and evenly without any jerking motions. The relaxing exercises, and especially this one affecting the nervous center at the back of the neck, are very quieting, and will often give relief to a nervous headache, or cause wakefulness to depart and bring quiet sleep. At first no such effect is produced, and I noticed in class that many complained of their heads feeling badly, but this was because there was so much tension in the neck. When this was released then came the experience of feeling very quiet and sleepy.

Frequent bathing of the entire body, and special massage treatment of the face, should be employed to remove the traces of time. Bathe the face with very hot water, and use a little good soap; wash off the soap, and then, with the tips of the fingers, go all over the face, pressing and smoothing out the skin. Always move the fingers in the direction indicated in order to remove the wrinkles, and not promiscuously in every direction. The lower part of the face usually needs to be pressed upward. When you sit reading, or have your hands at liberty at any time, and are not in public, smooth out an objectionable wrinkle by gently stroking the skin. After washing the face, always rub it lightly and briskly with a soft towel.

Dr. Buckley, a noted specialist, says: "A certain amount of friction applied to the face daily will do much to keep the pores open, and by stimulating the skin, prevent the formation of the black specks and red spots so common. I generally direct that the face be rubbed to a degree short of discomfort, and that the towel be not too rough. This friction helps to ward off wrinkles."





THE LAMP-SHADE BASK QUITE THE GO.

THE most fashionable toilettes are made with the lamp-shade basque, so called because it is cut on the same principle as the capelets, flounces, etc., which are cut like a lamp-shade. Our cut (Figure 1) illustrates a stylish bodice, or rather vest, made with the basque in question. Though the material forms fluted folds at the lower edge, it will be remarked that there is no fulness at the junction of the basque with the vest.

A very smart bodice made for a society belle, Lady S—, was of rich cream silk cloth. At the top there was a band of black velvet jetted embroidery describing arabesques. The waist was confined by a belt to match and the very wide sleeves of the silk had capelets of white chiffon.

The Eton vest, which maintains its vogue, is generally worn buttoned, being, in many cases, adorned with fur lapels.

Indeed, the whole vest is sometimes made of fur. For dinner and evening wear the cut is the square neck with full sleeves, without stiffness. The volume is really in the amount of material used, which is soft in texture, forming graceful folds.

TEA-GOWNS

are in special request at this time of year, when one is apt to lounge by the fire in expectation of friends dropping

in to chat and partake of the "cup that cheers but inebriates not." A charming representation of an up-to-date tea-gown is made of ruby satin trimmed with black jet-spangled lace, the under-dress being of embroidered cream crepon, confined at the waist by a black velvet belt and edged at the top with the same.

Another exquisite lounging gown, made for the Grand Duchess Sergius of



FIG. 1.

Russia, is of pale heliotrope satin, brocaded in white, has a cape and flounce of beautiful white lace headed with a

ruche of the material, while a belt of a darker shade of the same color confines the fullness at the waist, streamers falling

with a collar of creamy satin veiled with point lace, a soft front of white Chinese crape embroidered with silver, and full



FIG. 2.

from thence to the lower edge of the skirt.

Yet another lovely tea-gown of pale water-blue brocade, pleated in the back,

sleeves of the brocade showing slashings of silver-embroidered crêpe de Chine, while the cuffs of satin are covered with point lace.

## FAVORITE MATERIALS FOR CLOAKS, CAPES AND MANTLES.

In the matter of capes, cloaks and mantles, satin and velvet are the most popular materials, though capes, still held in such favor, can equally be made of the same fabric as the gown. Capes are divided into two kinds—one that reaches only to the shoulders and the other that falls in rather full folds to the waist. Evening cloaks are often seen in lovely light-colored brocade, shaded velvet, satin, trimmed with beautiful fur about the neck and down the front. Plush is also used for evening wraps. Ruby plush with sable looks handsome. Pale blue or green plush with ermine lining and a border of the same regal fur makes a harmonious blend.

Ermine applied as a trimming to black makes too great a contrast, but with light colors the effect is pleasing. Some very striking cloaks are made of the new watered velvet. One made for one of our ultra *élégantes*, the Marquise des C—, was in a very lovely dark shade of petunia velvet, with a yoke of dark fur and two lines of fur behind and two in front. The lining of roseleaf brocade was perfectly "fetching." Another beautiful wrap was of pale blue moufflon and lined with white satin crossed with strands of fine silver cords, simulating quilting.

The *Princesse pelisse*, close-fitting at the back and slightly loose in front, is a favorite shape.

No. 2.—A visiting toilette suitable for young ladies and juvenile matrons. It makes up well of cloth, ribbed or plain velvet in any of the fashionable colors. Our model is in willow green cloth. The chemisette is of pink *crêpon* confined top and bottom with black velvet. The vest is made with the new fluted basque which is very becoming to slim figures. The hat adorned with wings and pleated bow with a straight-up *aigrette* stuck in the middle, is made to suit the gown.

A stylish reception gown is made up of beautiful striped silk and shot velvet, adorned with spangled trimming. The skirt and bodice are of the striped silk. The skirt is opened in front showing a



FIG. 3.

panel of shot velvet which is also used for the chemisette. The lower edge of the skirt is adorned with spangled velvet which also runs up either side of the front and outlines the edges of the bodice and cape. The sleeves are made with two puffs above the elbow, and the lower part is adorned with three bracelets of spangled velvet.

No. 3.—BLOUSE WITH FULL BASQUE.—Blouse of lilac shot silk with lining fastened in front, and covered as far as seen with a yoke-like part of yellow guipure lace mounted on silk. Draped fronts hooked down the left side, and sewn out in small tucks at the waist, leaving a basque which is turned under at the lower edge.

## LADIES' TEA GOWN OR WRAPPER.

Ciel-blue cashmere and silk and white lace edging are here associated in the wrapper (Figure 4), which is one of the most graceful gowns of the season.



It is charmingly negligé in effect, although in reality comfortably close fitting, being arranged upon a body lining which extends to basque depth. The front is shaped low in Pompadour fashion at the top, and is joined to a deep, square yoke; it is slashed at the left side to a desirable depth for the closing, which is made invisibly along the slash and the left shoulder seam. The front is gathered several inches below the top and tacked to form a ruche heading, which is lined with



FIG. 4.

silk. The back is shaped at the top to correspond with the front, and like it, lined, gathered and tacked to form a

ruche heading and falls in soft folds to the ground; and the lining back, which is exposed to square yoke depth above it, is covered with a yoke facing of silk. Bretelles of lace edging are joined to the loose neck edges of the front and back on the shoulders and extend to the waistline, where their ends taper to points. They are very broad on the shoulders, and are gathered to fall in full, soft folds over the large mutton-leg sleeves, which are made with inside seams only. The sleeves are trimmed at the wrists with a frill of lace, which is narrowed toward the inside of the arm, a dainty bow of ribbon being tacked just above it at the seam. At the neck is a standing collar which closes at the left shoulder seam. A bow of ribbon, consisting of standing and drooping loops and uneven ends, is placed at the left side of the front at the waist line.

A wrapper of this kind developed in taffeta, bengaline, surah, crêpon or fine cashmere, with dainty accessories of lace and ribbon, may be worn at a formal breakfast, or luncheon, or a dinner en famille. It will develop attractively in less expensive fabrics, such as cotton crêpon, veiling flannel, etc. Velvet, silk, or some other prettily-contrasting fabric may be associated with any of the above-mentioned fabrics, and no other garniture will be necessary.

#### SOMETHING ABOUT HATS AND BONNETS.

Many of the hats this season are trimmed with feathers, wings or birds. Figure 5 shows a stylish hat trimmed with wings. It is of grayish green felt with a low crown, and is trimmed with bright red velvet and light green wings.

Another stylish hat is of dark blue felt trimmed with a bow of velvet ribbon, somewhat darker in color, placed on the left side, and a tuft of brown and yellow owl's feathers arranged through the bow. A very effective trimming for a dark red hat is of black satin ribbon ten and a quarter inches wide. It is made into a bow in front, edged with black ostrich feather trimming, while a rosette of the plain ribbon, placed a little to the left side,

finishes the loops of the bow. A black bugle border round the crown completes the trimming.

A very stylish hat can be made from a light brown round hat. The fashionable square effect is given by bending the brim several times in and out. Over the forehead is put a large fan-shaped bow of olive-green velvet. This, together with the band at the side, is of a stripe thirty-seven inches long and eight and three-quarters inches wide, caught together in the middle by a large steel buckle. A full knot of velvet is put on singly at the back, with a bunch of brown and green wings. Two rosettes of old-gold sarsenet ribbon are arranged between the two back flutings of the brim.

Bonnets this season have a broad effect in trimming, instead of the former high one. A favorite style of trimming is with two wings in front, spread as if for flight, on either side of an aigrette or a high bow of fluted shiffon. The effect given is of a winged cap, but it is novel and generally becoming.

#### GIRLS' HEADGEAR.

The sailor hat in felt and in all colors, slightly turned up at the edge, is very popular with girls. For very wee tots the Empire or Directoire shape is the desideratum, in white or light shades, adorned with white or blue satin ribbon; and for babies white is the thing.

#### FASHIONABLE VEILS, ETC.

There is a great predilection just now for black and white veils. Most of them are of black net showered with dots or sprigs, and bordered with white. Some are finished with real Brussels edging. Both hats and bonnets are frequently adorned with steel. The trimmings appear to be fastened with steel-headed pins. In fact, cut-steel ornaments are much patronized in the evening. Flowers, feathers and ribbons are all used in the milliner's domain.

Figure 6 shows two very stylish ways of making spring gowns, which may be

made of almost any material. The right-hand dress made of dark blue serge trimmed with satin ribbon of the same shade, with scarlet pipings makes a very useful dress for every-day wear.

Figures 7 and 8 show the latest patterns in sleeves. The former is especially pretty for an afternoon gown, and may be made with ribbon in the place of fur. It is also pretty for thin white gowns.

Figure 8 is quite a novelty in sleeves, being a combination of the gigot and puff. It is cut all in one; but for narrow-width material, such as silk, the extra width can be put in separately. Very small pleats, placed one on the top of the other, reduce this fullness to the size necessary for completing the seam, which extends from elbow to wrist. At the armhole the extra fullness is put into



FIG. 5.

pleats, back and front, the remainder being gathered to the required size.

For those who are tired of the Eton jacket, the illustration (Figure 10) provides a pretty and useful substitute. This coat is made of dark blue with white braid, but if made to use constantly, braid of the same color will prove more satisfactory, as one tires less readily of a plain color.

To those who have gowns of which the skirt remains fresh while the waist is worn out, the pattern (Figure 9) will prove a great help. It may be made of silk of any color, drawn to the waist with three rows of velvet, knotted on the right side in a slanting line. If a dark silk is preferred, use one of black with a light green satin stripe through it and either green or black velvet.



FIG. 6.

Figure 11 shows a charming suit of white washing corduroy suitable for a boy from three to six years of age. It is made with a long loose coat and full shirt of pale blue surah, a large collar

and little frills of cream silk. It may also be made of galatea with fine muslin shirt and collar.

Figure 12 shows a very pretty little girl's frock, which may be made from an



FIG. 7.

old-fashioned skirt and round body. I have drawn it in one material, but failing enough of this, put sleeve puffs and revers of something else to contrast. The old sleeves as far as the elbows will do. Simply cut out a V-shaped piece in front, and add the revers, which you can make as fanciful as you choose. Unpick the old sleeves from the body, in order to put on the big puffs, which, as you doubtless know, you stitch on first round the elbow on the wrong side, then putting them up over the sleeve, taking them full to the top of it, and then stitching into the body. A soft silk sash is indispensable; you can get them cheap at dozens of shops. An ordinary sailor or other vest is worn underneath.

A very expeditious and easy way of letting out some children's dresses is by slitting the lining. It can only be done for a frock with a full body, unless in the case of a tight one in which the lining has shrunk more than the material in washing. In either case, three slits must be made, the length to be regulated according to the ease required, as, of course, the longer the former the more it opens. Tack an oval-shaped piece of any

lining material over the opening, just to keep it in place; then hem it to the dress lining, taking care the stitches do not show through. Make one slit in front, and one in each of the two backs. Children's dresses generally get tight across the chest and shoulders before they do in the neck or waist.

A frock for a girl of twelve in Figure 13. The frock here represented is made in cloth and velvet. It has a bell skirt with crossway trimming edged with velvet. The bodice is crossed, and has the epaulettes of cloth bordered with velvet. There is a pointed velvet yoke with collar, the belt and deep cuffs to above the elbow being also of velvet.

#### WHEN TO TRY ON NEW SHOES.

There is a time for everything in this world, and so it is that the best time to get fitted to shoes is in the latter part of the day. The feet are then at their maximum of size. Activity naturally enlarges them. Much standing tends, also, to enlarge the feet. New shoes should always be tried on over moderately thick stockings. Then you have a margin of room by putting on thinner stockings if the shoes feel ill at ease.

#### CHURCH DRESS.

From the "Jenness Miller Monthly" we have taken the following remarks on



FIG. 8.

church dress and wearing of jewelry as being good advice for all.

In nothing does a woman show the instinct of a lady more than in her church dress. It is both vulgar and disrespectful to go to the house of God in a costume which is pre-eminently worn for show. A quiet color in a refined fabric,

should be regarded as a thing of gloomy and sombre character, but because one should subordinate every consideration to that of devotion to divine praise, prayer and service, and a showy costume is out of harmony with the quiet, sacred and engrossing pleasures of the hour.

#### APPROPRIATE JEWELS.

BY REMICH.

One of the most hopeful signs of improvement in the general taste for dress and ornamentation is found in the disappearance of costly jewels from the ordinary street attire of the lady of wealth and fashion. The blazing diamond earrings, pins and bracelets which formerly vied with the glory of the sun at noon-day, have been relegated to their proper place and use for my lady's evening and full-dress toilettes, and although some of the most complete jewel caskets in the world are owned by wealthy American women, no one sees their contents except those who frequent grand dinners, balls, receptions and operas. Costly gems, like fine lace, add very much to the toilette of a matron, but are decidedly out of place on a young maiden, whose ears should be kept free from such barbaric splendors, and her hands reserved in the purity of exquisite care for the single engagement jewel, which is the accepted emblem of young love's coming fulfilment.

#### THE TALISMANIC MOONSTONE.

The remarkable peculiarity of the moonstone is, that while in all other gems internal seams are called flaws, and detract from their value, in the moonstone they are called "magic mirrors," because those favored mortals who are gifted with the illumination of the astral light, can, by its aid, read on those surfaces of milky white the reflections of the past and promises of the future.

For an engagement ring from the wealthy lover the solitaire diamond will always remain in favor, but the suitor whose purse will not afford such a costly



FIG. 9.

simply made, is the only suitable costume. Large hats are decidedly not the thing. A small close bonnet for matrons, and a round hat or toque, or turban for younger women, are the correct styles approved by good taste. Jewelry is in very bad form, and so are very light and showy gloves. It is not that religion



gem should avoid all garishly gotten-up designs, combining mock pearls and colored stones, and content himself with offering the fair one of his choice a well-selected, simply-set moonstone—a stone which has from time immemorial been regarded as having talismanic virtues. The setting of this beautiful, but inexpensive stone should be the same as that of a solitaire diamond, and its effect is chaste and pleasing.

To possess a single fine jewel, many women would have to deny themselves nothing except the indulgence in numberless cheap and meaningless trinkets which in a few years' time aggregate a cost equal to that of a gem which would be a life-long and cherished possession. My advice to women is always to avoid what is cheap and showy in jewelry, and save, and still save the cost of the cheap articles which one is tempted from time to time to buy, until the means has been acquired to purchase a single satisfactory ornament. One never realizes how many dollars are worse than thrown away in the purchase of trash, until they have begun the system of resisting minor temptations for a special object.

#### SELECTING PICTURES FOR THE HOME.

BY ESTELLE M. HURLL.

Furnishing and beautifying the home includes the selection of pictures, than which there is no matter of greater importance, and none requiring more careful study.

Pictures outlast all the other belongings of the house, and if well selected are a perpetual source of education and delight. Chosen at random, or to gratify a passing whim or fancy, they are a constant disappointment.

There is no good reason in these days why every home should not be enriched by a few good works of art. Paintings and etchings, it is true, are luxuries which only the wealthy can afford in abundance, but engravings, photographs, photogravures and artotypes are in the

market at astonishingly low prices, and in these inexpensive forms the works of the world's greatest artists are within reach of people of limited means.

Among so many treasures, one is often puzzled as to the most appropriate selections to make, and advice is eagerly sought by those who are considering the subject. To meet these inquiries a plan is here outlined, proposing pictures suitable for every room in the house. The suggestions do not aim at novelty, but seek rather to mention those recognized works of art which will elevate the taste to the highest standards. The test of great art is its enduring power to satisfy, and if our pictures are chosen from the world's best productions we need never fear that familiarity will breed contempt.

#### PICTURES FOR THE PARLOR.

The parlor is an index to the whole house, and none of its furnishings reveal so plainly as do its art decorations, the

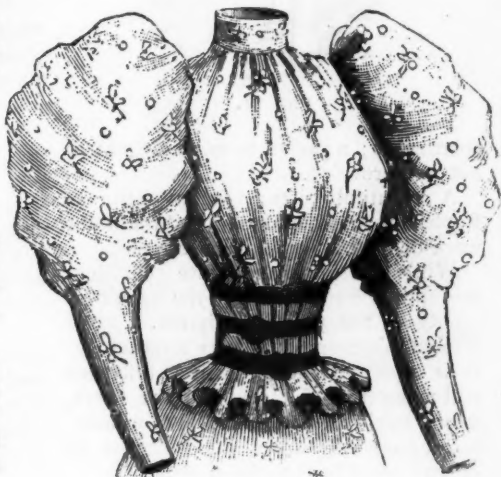


FIG. 10.

refinement of the hostess who presides here. The lady of good taste will hang on her parlor walls only a few pictures, and these of moderately large size. It is not suitable to cover the walls of a formal room with a profusion of small pictures. These are more appropriate to private



FIG. 11.

apartments; a parlor is more elegant if not overcrowded.

A beautiful picture for a parlor is Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," the finest work of art the world has ever seen.

While no black-and-white reproduction preserves in entirety the wondrous beauty of the peerless original, a large foreign photograph is very satisfactory. It is a picture whose elevating influence will make itself felt upon all the sweet, strong spirituality of this ideal of womanhood, hastening down the centuries to present the Christ to the world.

A gracious, womanly presence to have in the parlor is "Queen Louise of Prussia," the great grandmother of the present young German emperor, a noble and beautiful woman.

The familiar full-length figure of Queen Louise is taken from the celebrated painting by Gustav Richter, at Cologne, while another picture by Nicolai, now

reproduced in artotype, represents the Queen with the infant, Prince William.

A picture well adapted for hanging over the mantel is the "Aurora" of Guido Reni. In this the young god Apollo drives the chariot of the sun across the sky, accompanied by a group of Hours. The picture is full of spirited movement. Copies may be obtained both in photographs and artotypes at very moderate prices.

A beautiful group of pictures for the parlor are reproductions of some of the modern French paintings of peasant life. The works of Breton and Millet are notable examples of this class, and some of the choicest subjects are: "The Gleaners," "The Shepherdess," "The Harvesters" and "The Waning of the Day."

With pictures of figures, the parlor should also contain landscapes, which may be found in pleasing variety in photogravures. Some of the best subjects are taken directly from nature in picturesque parts of New England.

For all these plain gold frames with or without beading are eminently suitable. Fancy frames in old ivory are also fashionable and in good taste.



FIG. 12.

If you wish to have a bit of color among your parlor pictures, you will find the tinted Venetian photographs pretty and tasteful. The façade of St. Mark's is a special favorite, also various views on the Grand Canal. Set off with wide gold mats and framed in narrow white-enameled frames they are exceedingly effective.

#### PICTURES FOR THE SITTING-ROOM.

The sitting-room is for the accommodation and pleasure of the whole family, and should be liberally supplied with pictures of all kinds. The range of subjects should include something adapted to every member of the household, from grandma to baby. Here should be hung pictures from which you wish your children to gain their first lessons of character, and it is a good plan to give the conspicuous place to some religious subject treated in a manner attractive to all. For this purpose you may select Murillo's "Holy Family," or Hoffmann's "Christ Disputing with the Doctors," both of which are interesting to young and old.

A charming addition to the sitting-room is Reynold's "Angel Heads." It is a picture which wears well, both as a rest to the eye and as an object of study. An entirely distinct expression is depicted on each of the five little faces, and one never tires of reading their meaning. Another favorite picture, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is "Cornelia and her Children," in which a noble Roman matron proudly displays her children as the most precious jewels of her possession.

A fine picture, especially appropriate to the family room, is Knaus' "Golden Wedding," representing an ideal family group celebrating the marriage anniversary of the silver crowned couple in the centre.

Let some of the pictures in your sitting-room be views of fine scenery at home and abroad: Niagara Falls, the Yosemite Valley, Lake Como, Mt. Blanc, the Rhine. Thus you may bring all the world within your own four walls, and feel yourself a traveled person, while taking your ease in your own rocking-chair.

Add to these a few photographs of the world's great historic buildings, among them some splendid cathedrals, such as Lichfield at York, in England, or Notre Dame, in Paris.

Plain hard wood frames are neat and appropriate for the pictures in a sitting-room. It is a point worth noting, these are easily kept free from dust. It must be remembered that it is the picture, not the frame upon which we wish to fix the attention, and that unobtrusive frames are in much better taste than the showy and expensive.



FIG. 13.

#### PICTURES FOR THE DINING-ROOM.

Any picture which you might select for a sitting-room is appropriate for a dining-room. I have recently seen some very fine large artotypes of celebrated old world castles, which would be particularly elegant for the dining-room. Of this class, "Heidelberg," "Windsor," and "Warwick" are notable examples;



FIG. 1.

and "Melrose" and "Tintern Abbeys" belong to the same group.

Many handsome dining-rooms are hung with reproductions of Landseer's famous animal paintings, "The Monarch of the Glen," "The Connoisseurs," "Dignity and Independence," and "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society."

As flowers always add a subtle charm and grace in the decoration of a table, so pictured flowers give a finishing touch to the artistic effect of a well-furnished dining-room. Those who cannot afford paintings will find the colored plates now issued by art publishers for students to copy, are hardly distinguishable from delicate water-colors.

The artistic harmony of the room is more perfectly kept when all its pictures are framed to match the wood finishings and furniture. However, oak frames with walnut furniture, are in excellent taste.

#### PICTURES FOR THE LIBRARY.

Portraits of the world's greatest thinkers, should form a prominent feature in the decoration of this room: as "Homer," "Dante," "Goethe,"

and "Shakespeare," are four foundation stones of modern literature. Their portraits will find a place in an ideally furnished library. The best known authenticated likenesses of Homer and Dante are, in the opinion of many, the busts in the Museum of Naples, of which very satisfactory foreign photographs may be procured.

I recently saw, in a friend's study, a very interesting collection of authors' portraits. They were cabinet-sized photographs, arranged in rows of four or five, in long narrow frames. The English novelists formed one group—Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Besant, and Black; the American poets another—Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, and Bryant.

It is also pleasant to have in the library pictures of scenes made memorable in great books. A foreign photograph of Ellen's Isle, celebrated in Scott's "Lady of the Lakes," is a lovely bit of scenery; "The Rialto of Venice" recalls "The Merchant of Venice," and the "Old Bridge over the Arno at Florence" makes a background for one of the most exciting scenes in George Eliot's "Romola."

Famous historical monuments should also have their place. "The Pyramids

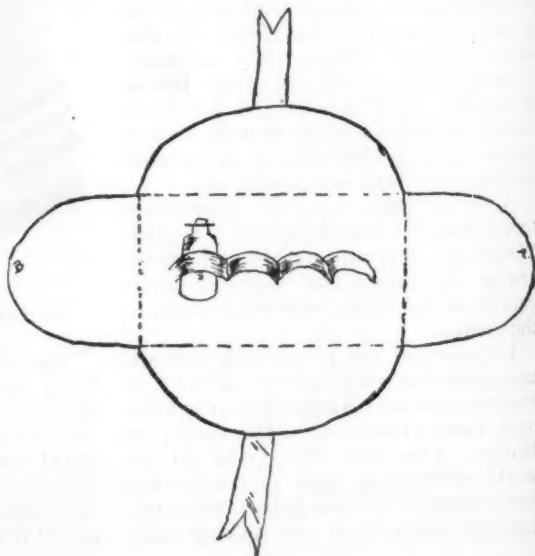


FIG. 2.

of Egypt," "The Taz-Mahal of India," "The Parthenon at Athens," and "The Arch of Constantine at Rome." Among these hang photographs of the best Greek sculptors, as "The Hermes of Olympic" or "The Venus de Milo."

Two particularly appropriate library pictures are "A Reading from Homer," by Alma Tadema, and "The Florentine Poet," by Cabanel, both depicting some bygone ways of enjoying literature.

### FANCY WORK.

MAY LENARD.

There are a great many people who know nothing about embroidery or painting, yet would often like to do fancy work either for themselves or others.

Chamois skin furnishes one of the best materials for fancy work. A lovely tidy may be made of it as follows: Stamp a design consisting of a wreath of leaves or flowers upon the piece of skin to be used, in such a way that the leaves or flowers may serve for edge after they are cut out. Use any of the popular centre piece designs. The design in Figure 1 is treated as follows:

With a fine sable brush carefully outline the leaves and veins with gold paint. While it is drying, dissolve a package of green diamond dye for cotton, in a half cup of hot water. Stretch the skin over a board and fasten it into place. Now with a medium or large-sized brush of camel's hair go over the leaves with the liquid dye, taking care not to wet the skin enough for the dye to spread beyond the outline. When dry, go over it again and do this until the leaves are the desired shade. Perfect shading may be done with practice. Brown, yellow and crimson can be used upon the leaves to produce autumn effects.

When perfectly dry trim the outer edge close to the design.

A lovely tobacco bag can be made with a design of pipe and cigar crossed upon it. This design is outlined with gold and then filled in with brown dye. Card cases, whisk-broom holders,

slipper cases and toilet sets are made in the same way.

A tidy which is beautiful is made with a wreath of pansies. The outer petals are left the natural yellow color of the chamois skin, with purple spots upon them, while the petals next the centre are made of the violet shades.

Another easily made piece of fancy work is a traveling case for medicine bottles. This case, which is very pretty and dainty, is made as follows: A piece of white artist's linen is cut as in the following illustration, using the shapes outlined by the heavy lines. The size of the centre being determined by the size of the bottles to be carried. This piece is embroidered in any conventional pat-

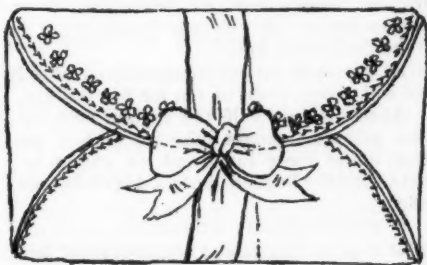


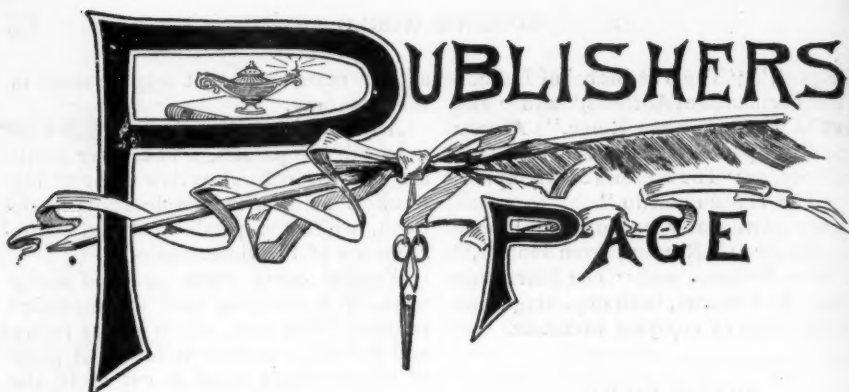
FIG. 3.

tern, the edges bound with narrow satin ribbon of the same color as the silk used in embroidery and then a row of feather-stitching is done to the edge of the ribbon.

Now cut a second piece of linen to fit the centre as indicated by the dotted lines. Line this with a piece of cardboard and stitch into place with invisible stitches, on the first piece sew a piece of silk elastic across the middle of the case, dividing into even parts to exactly fit the bottles it is to hold. The elastic must be of the same color as the ribbon. Now tack a piece of ribbon, long enough to tie in a bow when the bottles are in place, to the middle of the back, and close so that the effect may be that shown in Figure 3. A and B. in Figure 2 are closed with a hook and eye, but the other flaps are simply held in place by the ribbon when tied.



# PUBLISHERS PAGE



OUR CONTRIBUTION TO THE HARD TIMES FUND. TEN YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR FIVE DOLLARS.

In order that no one shall be deprived of the pleasure of reading this magazine during the coming year, we make the above extraordinary offer as our contribution to "the hard times fund."

At any time during the month of March we will accept clubs of ten for five dollars.

As this is just half the regular subscription price, we cannot take any club of less than ten at these rates, and we cannot extend the offer beyond the last day of March, 1894.

If you are already a subscriber, show this offer to your friends and neighbors that they may have a chance to take advantage thereof. Go out among all the people you know and help us in our good work. Half our success in this matter depends upon you, and you will be amply repaid in the knowledge that you have helped us place a good magazine within the reach of those who might otherwise have done without their accustomed amount of helpful, cheering reading matter.

Remember the offer is for March only, and for clubs of ten only.

You can charge each \$1.00 if you prefer, and give the \$5.00 you make to any one who needs it. Write quick, for time is fleeting, to the Subscription Department,

ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE,  
Philadelphia.

**POPULAR TYPES OF CHARACTER.**—If one may regard the fiction of the period as the social mirror, the active type, both in men and women, appears to be the popular type of character. The woman who can organize and lead, or who will follow and accomplish, who can do individual work for the world, has superseded the heroine of the

books of beauty, who did but exist beautifully.

Among men, the adventurer, the soldier, the reformer, the man who does, if but his duty, is more popular than the theorist, or poet, or man of idle pleasures.

**VALUABLE BUT NOT COSTLY.**—It may save you a great deal of trouble in cooking. Try it. We refer to the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, regarded by most housekeepers as absolutely essential in culinary uses, and unsurpassed in coffee. All grocers and druggists sell the Eagle Brand.

The sympathy and consideration that are often shown to imaginary complaints prolong them. The fretful, if humored, become more fretful still. If they were treated with a wise neglect, their black fits would soon wear off. Such troubles are usually engendered by idleness. Those who work have no time to sit down and nurse indefinite complaints or fantastic errors.

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With a balance at your banker's, you may preach the pleasures of poverty.



### WHAT SAP IS

to the tree, blood is to the human body—*its life*. Unless this vital fluid is in good condition, any weakness, infirmity, or ailment, at this season, is liable to develop into a settled malady. The best protection from disease, therefore, is pure, vigorous blood, and **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** the best medicine to insure the same. This well-known, standard preparation was the only Sarsaparilla which was considered, by the **World's-Fair** Directors, all that could be asked for in a standard family medicine, and therefore the only one admitted at the Exposition. It is the medicine for **March, April, May**. It removes that tired feeling. It makes the weak strong. It is the kind you need, and can have no substitute.

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for the cure of colds, coughs, and the various disorders of the throat and lungs—is the universal testimony in regard to **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**. A dose or two of this wonderful medicine promptly relieves even the most distressing symptoms of pulmonary consumption.

### Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

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**Prompt to act, sure to cure**

## JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

Gold Medal, Paris Exposition, 1889,

AND THE AWARD AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.



#### QUEER IDENTIFICATION.

Col. Sumpter McBride, of Austin, has been spending several weeks in New York. A few days ago, being in need of some money, he applied to a Broadway bank to cash a draft.

"What is your name?" asked the paying teller.

"Colonel Sumpter McBride, sir, of Austin, Travis county, Texas."

"You will have to be identified, colonel."

This was something that the colonel had not taken into consideration. He knew of nobody who could identify him, and was about to leave the bank when a happy thought occurred to him. He reached into his breast-pocket, and brought out a photograph of himself, and holding it under the nose of the bank clerk said: There, sir, I guess that settles it."

"Of course, that's your photograph; but how does that identify you?"

"Well, sir, will you please tell me how I could have my photograph taken if I wasn't myself?"

#### A BAD MIXTURE.

A New York doctor told a woman who was suffering from a sore throat that she should prepare a drink composed of honey and vinegar. When the doctor made his next visit he asked the patient how she liked the drink?

"Bad, doctor, very bad. It was fearfully sour."

"Not if you followed my directions. Two parts of honey to one of vinegar cannot be very sour," replied the doctor, tasting the beverage, which he found to be very sour indeed.

"How did you make this drink?" he asked.

"Just as you told me. I mixed up twenty cents worth of honey with two quarts of vinegar for ten cents."

#### A DOCTOR WITH EXPERIENCE WANTED.

One day, while mending the roof of his house, Chodja lost his balance, and, falling

to the ground, broke a rib. A friend of his went hurriedly for a Hakim (doctor). "Hakim, have you ever fallen from a roof and broken a rib?" was the first question Chodja asked the doctor. "Thank God, no," replied the Hakim. "Then go away at once, please," cried Chodja; "I want a doctor who has fallen from a roof and knows what it is."

Mrs. Chatter.—"Do you believe that cures can be effected by the laying on of hands?"

Mrs. Clatter.—"Most certainly; I cured my boy of smoking in that way."

He was seedy and pale, but withal a droll specimen of the hard-up citizen. The atmospheric freak from the West Indies whistled through his meagre attire as he stopped an elderly gentleman on Park Row on Monday afternoon and asked for aid. "What do you do for a living?" asked the benevolent old man. The beggar smiled grimly and held up a tattered coat sleeve. "I've been collecting rents for some time past," he said lugubriously. The elderly man saw the point and his eyes twinkled as he gave the rent collector a quarter.—*New York World.*

Wife.—"Hadn't you better stay home today, dear? You have such a cold."

Husband (thinking well of the idea).—"I don't know. I guess"—

Wife.—"You could clear the snow off the back stoop, make a path to the chicken-house, and go to the store and get"—

Husband.—"I guess I will go to the city."  
—*Judge.*

"Who is the man you bowed to?"

"My preserver."

"Save your life."

"No, he makes my jams."

If Dobbins' Perfect Soap is as we say, worth twice as much as any other Soap, you ought to know it. Don't take our word, but try just one bar. Only 5 cents. Your grocer has it or can get it.





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